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THE
GEORGE ELIOT
Birthday Book

The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

As for likenesses, thirty-five and sixty are not much alike, only to people's memories.

Denner, in 'Felix Holt.'

When what is good comes of age and is likely to live, there is reason for rejoicing.

Parson Irwine, in 'Adam Bede.'

O memories!

O past that is!

George Eliot, in 'The Two Lovers.'

THE
GEORGE ELIOT
Birthday Book

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

January.

IT was an exquisite January morning in which there was no threat of rain, but a grey sky making the calmest background for the charms of a mild winter scene:—the grassy borders of the lanes, the hedgerows sprinkled with red berries and haunted with low twitterings, the purple bareness of the elms, the rich brown of the furrows.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

January 1

Come, let us fashion acts that are to be,
When we shall lie in darkness silently.

George Eliot, in 'Jubal.'

'The future, that bright land which swims
In western glory, isles and streams and bays,
Where hidden pleasures float in golden haze.

George Eliot, in 'Jubal.'

January 2

The first condition of human goodness is something to love ; the second, something to reverence.

George Eliot, in 'Janet's Repentance.'

We mortals, men and women, devour many a disappointment between breakfast and dinner-time ; keep back the tears and look a little pale about the lips, and in answer to inquiries say, 'Oh, nothing !' Pride helps us ; and pride is not a bad thing when it only urges us to hide our own hurts—not to hurt others.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

January 3

'Said?' nay, she'll say nothin'. It's on'y the men as have to wait till folks say things afore they find 'em out.

Lisbeth Bede, in 'Adam Bede.'

Ah ! the women are quick enough—they're quick enough. They know the rights of a story before they hear it, and can tell a man what his thoughts are before he knows 'em himself.

Bartle Massey, in 'Adam Bede.'

January 1

January 2

January 3

—January 4—

I will not feed on doing great tasks ill,
Dull the world's sense with mediocrity,
And live by trash that smothers excellence.

Armgar, in 'Armgar.'

'The theatre of all my actions is fallen,' said an antique personage when his chief friend was dead ; and they are fortunate who get a theatre where the audience demands their best.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

January 5

Royal deeds
May make long destinies for multitudes.

Zarca, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

They say a green Yule makes a fat churchyard ; but so does a white Yule too, for that matter. When the stool's rotten enough, no matter who sits on it.

Mrs Hackit, in 'Amos Barton.'

January 6

Thoughts are so great—aren't they, sir? They seem to lie upon us like a deep flood.

Dinah Morris, in 'Adam Bede.'

As to people saying a few idle words about us, we must not mind that, any more than the old church-steeple minds the rooks cawing about it.

Parson Irwine, in 'Adam Bede.'

January 4

January 5

January 6

—January 7—

I'll take no employment that obliges me to prop up my chin with a high cravat, and wear straps, and pass the livelong day with a set of fellows who spend their spare money on shirt-pins. That sort of work is really lower than many handicrafts; it only happens to be paid out of proportion. That's why I set myself to learn the watchmaking trade.

Felix, in 'Felix Holt.'

Nothing is so good as it seems beforehand.

Nancy Lammeter, in 'Silas Marner.'

—January 8

— That swamp [of debt] which tempts men towards it with such a pretty covering of flowers and verdure. It is wonderful how soon a man gets up to his chin there—in a condition in which, spite of himself, he is forced to think chiefly of release, though he had a scheme of the universe in his soul.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

One way of getting an idea of our fellow-countrymen's miseries is to go and look at their pleasures.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

—January 9

Push off the boat,
Quit, quit the shore,
The stars will guide us back :—
O gathering cloud,
O wide, wide sea,
O waves that keep no track !

Juan's Song, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

Dr Lydgate cared not only for "cases," but for John and Elizabeth, especially Elizabeth.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

January 7

January 8

January 9

January 10

There's such a thing as being over-speritial ; we must have something beside Gospel i' this world. Look at the canals, an' th' aqueducts, an' th' coal-pit engines, and Arkwright's mills there at Cromford ; a man must learn summat beside Gospel to make them things, I reckon.

Adam, in 'Adam Bede.'

I always think the flowers can see us and know what we're talking about.

Eppie, in 'Silas Marner.'

January 11

Day is dying! Float, O Song,
Down the westward river,
Requiem chanting to the Day—
Day, the mighty Giver.

Juan's Song, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

She who willingly lifts up the veil of her married-life has profaned it from a sanctuary into a vulgar place.

George Eliot, in 'Romola.'

January 12

I've nothing to say again' her piety, my dear ; but I know very well I shouldn't like her to cook my victual. When a man comes in hungry and tired, piety won't feed him, I reckon. Hard carrots 'ull lie heavy on his stomach, piety or no piety.

Mrs Linnet, in 'Janet's Repentance.'

If you trust a man, let him be a bachelor—let him be a bachelor.

Bartle Massey, in 'Adam Bede.'

January 10

January 11

January 12

January 13

'As you like' is a bad finger-post.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

A man conscious of enthusiasm for worthy aims is sustained under petty hostilities by the memory of great workers who had to fight their way not without wounds, and who hover in his mind as patron saints, invisibly helping.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

January 14

Life's a vast sea
That does its mighty errand without fail,
Panting in unchanged strength though waves are
changing.

Don Silva, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

A mother dreads no memories—those shadows
have all melted away in the dawn of baby's smile.

George Eliot, in 'Amos Barton.'

January 15

It cuts one sadly to see the grief of old people ;
they've no way o' working it off ; and the new spring
brings no new shoots out on the withered tree.

Adam, in 'Adam Bede.'

I know the dancin's nonsense ; but if you stick at
everything because it's nonsense, you wonna go far
i' this life. When your broth's ready-made for you,
you mun swallow the thickenin', or else let the broth
alone.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

— *January 13* —

January 14

— *January 15* —

— January 16 —

Errors look so very ugly in persons of small means—one feels they are taking quite a liberty in going astray; whereas people of fortune may naturally indulge in a few delinquencies. 'They've got the money for it,' as the girl said of her mistress who had made herself ill with pickled salmon.

George Eliot, in 'Janet's Repentance.'

The devil tempts us not—'tis we tempt him,
Beckoning his skill with opportunity.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

— January 17 —

This world is not a very fine place for a good many of the people in it. But I've made up my mind it shan't be the worse for me, if I can help it. They may tell me I can't alter the world—that there must be a certain number of sneaks and robbers in it, and if I don't lie and filch somebody else will. Well, then, somebody else shall, for I won't.

Felix, in 'Felix Holt.'

One likes a 'beyond' everywhere.

Esther Lyon, in 'Felix Holt.'

— January 18 —

A pig may poke his nose into the trough and think o' nothing outside it; but if you've got a man's heart and soul in you, you can't be easy a-making your own bed an' leaving the rest to lie on the stones.

Adam, in 'Adam Bede.'

There is no sorrow I have thought more about than that—to love what is great, and try to reach it, and yet to fail.

Dorothea Brooke, in 'Middlemarch.'

January 16

January 17

January 18

— January 19 —

I'm pretty deep ; I see a good deal further than Spilkins. There was Ned Patch, the pedlar, usted to say to me, 'You canna read, Tommy,' says he. 'No: thank you,' says I; 'I'm not going to crack my head-piece to make myself as big a fool as you.'

Tommy Trounsem, in 'Felix Holt.'

If Old Harry wants any work done, you may be sure he'll find the means.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

January 20

In the love of a brave and faithful man there is always a strain of maternal tenderness; he gives out again those beams of protecting fondness which were shed on him as he lay on his mother's knee.

George Eliot, in 'Amos Barton.'

There never was a true story which could not be told in parables where you might put a monkey for a margrave, and *vice versa*.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

January 21

When you've been used to doing things, and they've been taken away from you, it's as if your hands had been cut off, and you felt the fingers as are of no use to you.

Mrs Holt, in 'Felix Holt.'

I can't abide new victual nor new faces, I can't—you niver know but what they'll gripe you.

Luke, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

— *January 19* —

— *January 20* —

— *January 21* —

— January 22 —

Oh, your niceties—I know what they are. They all go on your system of make-believe. ‘Rottenness’ may suggest what is unpleasant, so you’d better say ‘sugar-plums,’ or something else such a long way off the fact that nobody is obliged to think of it.

Felix, in ‘Felix Holt.’

Failure after long perseverance is much grander than never to have a striving good enough to be called a failure.

Dorothea Brooke, in ‘Middlemarch.’

January 23

There’s nothing like settling with ourselves as there’s a deal we must do without i’ this life. It’s no use looking on life as if it was ‘Treddles’on fair, where folks only go to see shows and get fairings. If we do, we shall find it different.

Adam, in ‘Adam Bede.’

As I say, Mr Have-your-own-way is the best husband, and the only one I’d ever promise to obey.

Priscilla Lammeter, in ‘Silas Marner.’

January 24

Among the heirs of art, as at the division of the promised land, each has to win his portion by hard fighting: the bestowal is after the manner of prophecy, and is a title without possession. To carry the map of an ungotten estate in your pocket is a poor sort of copyhold. And in fancy to cast his shoe over Edom is little warrant that a man shall ever set the sole of his foot on an acre of his own there.

George Eliot, in ‘Daniel Deronda.’

— *January 22* —

January 23

January 24

— January 25 —

There's truth in wine, and there may be some in gin and muddy beer ; but whether it's truth worth my knowing, is another question. I've got plenty of truth in my time out of men who were half-seas-over, but never any that was worth a sixpence to me.

Mr Christian, in 'Felix Holt.'

It's ill livin' in a hen-roost for them as doesn't like fleas.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

January 26

Life never seems so clear and easy as when the heart is beating faster at the sight of some generous self-risking deed. We feel no doubt then what is the highest prize the soul can win ; we almost believe in our own power to attain it.

George Eliot, in 'Romola.'

Life is not rounded in an epigram,
And saying aught, we leave a world unsaid.

The Graf, in 'Armgarth.'

January 27

There's folks born to property, and there's folks catch hold on it : and the law's made for them as catch hold.

Tommy Trounsem, in 'Felix Holt.'

There's this dairymaid, now she knows she's to be married, turned Michaelmas, she'd as lief pour the new milk into the pig-trough as into the pans. That's the way with 'em all : it's as if they thought the world 'ud be new-made because they're to be married.

Priscilla Lammeter, in 'Silas Marner.'

January 25

January 26

January 27

January 28

How very beautiful these gems are ! It is strange how deeply colours seem to penetrate one, like scent. I suppose that is the reason why gems are used as spiritual emblems in the Revelation of St John. They look like fragments of heaven.

Dorothea Brooke, in 'Middlemarch.'

Our guides, we pretend, must be sinless : as if those were not often the best teachers who only yesterday got corrected for their mistakes.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

January 29

A mother hears something like a lisp in her children's talk to the very last. Their words are not just what everybody else says, though they may be spelt the same. If I were to live till my Hans got old, I should still see the boy in him. A mother's love, I often say, is like a tree that has got all the wood in it, from the very first it made.

Mrs Meyrick, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

Women think walls are held together with honey.

Piero di Cosimo, in 'Romola.'

January 30

When I awake at cock-crow, I'd sooner have one real grief on my mind than twenty false. It's better to know one's robbed than to think one's going to be murdered.

Denner, in 'Felix Holt.'

Babies can't choose their own horoscopes, and, indeed, if they could, there might be an inconvenient rush of babies at particular epochs.

Nello, in 'Romola.'

— *January 28* —

January 29

January 30

January 31

On through the pines!
The pillared woods,
Where silence breathes sweet breath:—
O labyrinth,
O sunless gloom,
The other side of death!

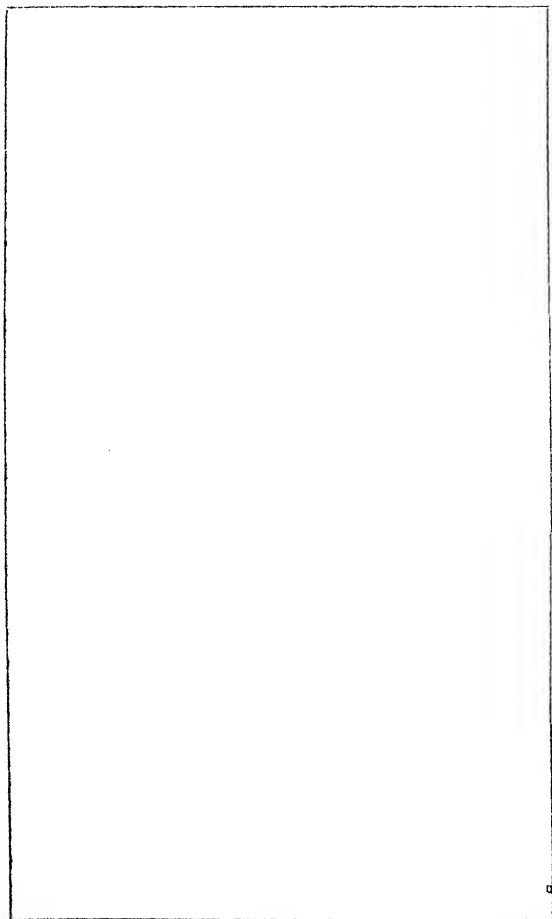
Juan's Song, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

Wise books

For half the truths they hold are honoured tombs.

Sephardo, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

— *January 31* —



February.

BRIGHT February days have a stronger charm of hope about them than any other days in the year. One likes to pause in the mild rays of the sun, and look over the gates at the patient plough-horses turning at the end of the furrow, and think that the beautiful year is all before one. The birds seem to feel just the same: their notes are as clear as the clear air. There are no leaves on the trees and hedgerows, but how green all the grassy fields are! and the dark purplish brown of the ploughed earth and of the bare branches is beautiful too. What a glad world this looks like, as one drives or rides along the valleys and over the hills!

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

February 1

If youth is the season of hope, it is often so only in the sense that our elders are hopeful about us ; for no age is so apt as youth to think its emotions, partings, and resolves are the last of their kind. Each crisis seems final, simply because it is new. We are told that the oldest inhabitants in Peru do not cease to be agitated by the earthquakes, but they probably see beyond each shock, and reflect that there are plenty more to come.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

February 2

Nothing is feebler than the indolent rebellion of complaint ; and to be roused into self-judgment is comparative activity.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

After all, people may really have in them some vocation which is not quite plain to themselves, may they not? They may seem idle and weak because they are growing. We should be very patient with each other, I think.

Dorothea Brooke, in 'Middlemarch.'

February 3

There's nothing you can't believe o' them wenches : they'll set the empty kettle o' the fire, and then come an hour after to see if the water boils. . . .

'Told her?' yes, I might spend all the wind i' my body, an' take the bellows too, if I was to tell them gells everything as their own sharpness wonna tell 'em.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

An ass may bray a good while before he shakes the stars down.

Bratti, in 'Romola.'

February 1

February 2

February 3

February 4

And still the light is changing : high above
Float soft pink clouds ; others with deeper flush
Stretch like flamingos bending toward the south.
Comes a more solemn brilliance o'er the sky,
A meaning more intense upon the air—
The inspiration of the dying day.

George Eliot, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

Truth has rough flavours if we bite it through.

The Graf, in 'Armgar.'

February 5

I'd rether give ten shillin' an' help a man to stand
on his own legs, nor pay half-a-crown to buy him a
parish crutch ; it's the ruination on him if he once
goes to the parish.

Mr Jerome, in 'Janet's Repentance.'

I look upon it, life is like our game at whist, when
Banks and his wife come to the still-room of an even-
ing. I don't enjoy the game much, but I like to play
my cards well, and see what will be the end of it.

Denner, in 'Felix Holt.'

February 6

Ah ! I often think it's wi' th' old folks as it is wi' the
babbies ; they're satisfied wi' looking, no matter what
they're looking at. It's God A'mighty's way o' quiet-
ening 'em, I reckon, afore they go to sleep.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

To delight in doing things because our fathers did
them is good if it shuts out nothing better ; it enlarges
the range of affection—and affection is the broadest
basis of good in life.

Daniel, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

February 4

February 5

February 6

February 7

For my part, I was never over-fond o' gentlefolks' servants—they're mostly like the fine ladies' fat dogs, nayther good for barking nor butcher's meat, but on'y for show.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

Why, lad, if the world was turned into a swamp, I suppose we should leave off shoes and stockings, and walk about like cranes.

Parson Lingon, in 'Felix Holt.'

February 8

Celia Brooke.—I will go anywhere with you, Mrs Cadwallader; but I don't like funerals.

Mrs Cadwallader.—Oh, my dear, when you have a clergyman in your family you must accommodate your tastes: I did that very early. When I married Humphrey I made up my mind to like sermons, and I set out by liking the end very much. That soon spread to the middle and the beginning, because I couldn't have the end without them.

'Middlemarch.'

February 9

It is easier to find an old friend than an old mother. Friendship begins with liking or gratitude—roots that can be pulled up. Mother's love begins deeper down.

Mrs Meyrick, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

I don't remember ever being see-saw, when I'd made my mind up that a thing was wrong. It takes the taste out o' my mouth for things, when I know I should have a heavy conscience after 'em.

Adam, in 'Adam Bede.'

February 7

February 8

February 9

February 10

My daughter, if the cross comes to you as a wife,
you must carry it as a wife. You may say, 'I will
forsake my husband,' but you cannot cease to be a
wife.

Savonarola, in 'Romola.'

Conscience is harder than our enemies,
Knows more, accuses with more nicety,
Nor needs to question Rumour if we fall
Below the perfect model of our thought.

Don Silva, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

February 11

Melodies die out like the pipe of Pan, with the ears
that love them and listen for them.

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

The promise was void, like so many other sweet,
illusory promises of our childhood; void as promises
made in Eden before the seasons were divided, and
when the starry blossoms grew side by side with the
ripening peach—impossible to be fulfilled when the
golden gates had been passed.

George Eliot, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

February 12

(*To Mrs Casaubon.*)—There's a reason in mourning,
as I've always said; and three folds at the bottom of
your skirt and a plain quilling in your bonnet—and if
ever anybody looked like an angel, it's you in a net
quilling—is what's consistent for a second year. At
least, that's *my* thinking; and if anybody was to marry
me flattering himself as I should wear those hijeous
weepers two years for him, he'd be deceived by his
own vanity, that's all.

Tantripp, in 'Middlemarch.'

— *February* 10 —

February 11

February 12

February 13

In the stress and heat of the day, with cheeks burning, with shouts ringing in the ears, who is so blest as to remember the yearnings he had in the cool and silent morning, and know that he has not belied them?

George Eliot, in 'Romola.'

Oh the sweet rest of that embrace to the heart-stricken Maggie! More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us.

George Eliot, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

February 14

Young love-making—that gossamer web! Even the points it clings to—the things whence its subtle interlacings are swung—are scarcely perceptible: momentary touches of finger-tips, meetings of rays from blue and dark orbs, unfinished phrases, lightest changes of cheek and lip, faintest tremors. The web itself is made of spontaneous beliefs and indefinable joys, yearnings of one life towards another, visions of completeness, indefinite trust.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

February 15

Well, well, my boy, if good luck knocks at your door, don't you put your head out at window and tell it to be gone about its business, that's all.

Bartle Massey, in 'Adam Bede.'

In many of our neighbours' lives, there is much not only of error and lapse, but of a certain exquisite goodness which can never be written or even spoken—only divined by each of us, according to the inward instruction of our own privacy.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

February 13

February 14

February 15

February 16

What care I what the men 'ud run after? It's well seen what choice the most of 'em know how to make, by the poor draggle-tails o' wives you see, like bits o' gauze ribbin, good for nothing when the colour's gone.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

That's the fault I have to find wi' you, Bessy; if you see a stick i' the road, you're allays thinkin' you can't step over it. You'd want me not to hire a good waggoner, 'cause he'd got a mole on his face.

Mr Tulliver, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

February 17

Wise in his daily work was he :

To fruits of diligence,

And not to faiths or polity,

He plied his utmost sense.

These perfect in their little parts,

Whose work is all their prize—

Without them how could laws, or arts,

Or towered cities rise?

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

- February 18 -

Life was never anything but a perpetual see-saw between gravity and jest.

Cei, in 'Romola.'

I like to go to work by a road that'll take me up a bit of a hill, and see the fields for miles round me, and a bridge, or a town, or a bit of a steeple here and there. It makes you feel the world's a big place, and there's other men working in it with their heads and hands besides yourself.

Adam, in 'Adam Bede.'

February 16

February 17

February 18

February 19

Perfect love has a breath of poetry which can exalt the relations of the least-instructed human beings.

George Eliot, in 'Silas Marner.'

We reap what we sow, but Nature has love over and above that justice, and gives us shadow and blossom and fruit that spring from no planting of ours.

George Eliot, in 'Janet's Repentance.'

February 20

Nonsense! It's the silliest lie a sensible man like you ever believed, to say a woman makes a house comfortable. It's a story got up, because the women are there, and something must be found for 'em to do.

Bartle Massey, in 'Adam Bede.'

As for being saved without works, there's a many, I daresay, can't do without that doctrine; but I thank the Lord I never needed to put myself on a level with the thief on the cross.

Mrs Holt, in 'Felix Holt.'

February 21

It's poor eating where the flavour o' the meat lies i' the cruets. There's folks as make bad butter, and trusten to the salt t' hide it.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

It's rather a strong check to one's self-complacency to find how much of one's right doing depends on not being in want of money. A man will not be tempted to say the Lord's Prayer backward to please the devil, if he doesn't want the devil's services.

Mr Farebrother, in 'Middlemarch.'

February 19

Hashim February 20
Mattaqi Mahomed Ali.
1900.

February 21

February 22

How lovely the little river is, with its dark, changing wavelets! It seems to me like a living companion while I wander along the bank and listen to its low placid voice, as to the voice of one who is deaf and loving.

George Eliot, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

Certainly, the exemplary Mrs Garth had her droll aspects, but her character sustained her oddities, as a very fine wine sustains a flavour of skin.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

February 23

When I've got a pot of good ale, I like to swallow it, and do my inside good, instead o' smelling and staring at it to see if I can't find fault wi' the brewing.

Ben Winthrop, in 'Silas Marner.'

It mayn't be good-luck to be a woman. But one begins with it from a baby: one gets used to it. And I shouldn't like to be a man—to cough so loud, and stand straddling about on a wet day, and be so wasteful with meat and drink. They're a coarse lot, I think.

Denner, in 'Felix Holt.'

February 24

The Tailor.—A quarrel [between man and wife] may end wi' the whip, but it begins wi' the tongue, and it's the women have got the most o' that.

Mrs Girdle.—The Lord gave it 'em to use, I suppose; He never meant you to have it all your own way.

'Daniel Deronda.'

Has any one ever pinched into its pilulous smallness the cobweb of pre-matrimonial acquaintance-ship?

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

February 22

February 23

February 24

February 25

There is no compensation for the woman who feels that the chief relation of her life has been no more than a mistake. She has lost her crown. The deepest secret of human blessedness has half whispered itself to her, and then for ever passed her by.

George Eliot, in 'Romola.'

The time is great.

(What times are little? To the sentinel
That hour is regal when he mounts on guard.)

George Eliot, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

February 26

But where's the use of talking to a woman with babbies? She's got no conscience—no conscience—it's all run to milk.

Bartle Massey, in 'Adam Bede.'

Mrs Cadwallader says it is nonsense, people going a long journey when they are married. She says they get tired to death of each other, and can't quarrel comfortably, as they would at home.

Celia Brooke, in 'Middlemarch.'

February 27

I've noticed it often among my own people around Snowfield, that the strong, skilful men are often the gentlest to the women and children; and it's pretty to see 'em carrying the little babies as if they were no heavier than little birds. And the babies always seem to like the strong arm best.

Dinah Morris, in 'Adam Bede.'

That's what brings folks to the gallows—knowin' everything but what they'n got to get their bread by.

Luke, in 'The Mill on the Floss.' •

February 25

February 26

February 27

February 28

It is too often the 'palma sine pulvere,' the prize of glory without the dust of the race, that young ambition covets. But what says the Greek? 'In the morning of life, work; in the mid-day, give counsel; in the evening, pray.'

Bardo, in 'Romola.'

A woman's choice usually means taking the only man she can get.

Mrs Cadwallader, in 'Middlemarch.'

February 29

None o' your shooting for me—it's two to one you'll miss. Snaring's more fishing-like. You bait your hook, and if it isna the fishes' goodwill to come, that's nothing again' the sporting genelman. And that's what I say by snaring.

Tommy Trounsem, in 'Felix Holt.'

You make but a poor trap to catch luck if you go and bait it wi' wickedness. The money as is got so's like to burn holes in your pocket.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

February 28

February 29

March.

FAIRY folk a-listening
Hear the seed sprout in the spring,
And for music to their dance
Hear the hedgerows wake from trance,
Sap that trembles into buds
Sending little rhythmic floods
Of fairy sound in fairy ears.
Thus all beauty that appears
Has birth as sound to finer sense
And lighter-clad intelligence.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

In our spring-time every day has its hidden growths
in the mind, as it has in the earth when the little
folded blades are getting ready to pierce the ground.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

March 1

Between you and me, *bel giovane*—trust a barber who has shaved the best scholars—friendliness is much such a steed as Ser Benghi's: it will hardly show much alacrity unless it has got the thistle of hatred under its tail.

Nello, in 'Romola.'

That farewell kiss which resembles greeting, that last glance of love which becomes the sharpest pang of sorrow.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

March 2

Heaven knows what would become of our sociality if we never visited people we speak ill of: we should live, like Egyptian hermits, in crowded solitude.

George Eliot, in 'Janet's Repentance.'

The vainest woman is never thoroughly conscious of her own beauty till she is loved by the man who sets her own passion vibrating in return.

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

March 3

There's debts we can't pay like money debts, by paying extra for the years that have slipped by. While I've been putting off and putting off, the trees have been growing—it's too late now.

Godfrey Cass, in 'Silas Marner.'

We mortals have a strange spiritual chemistry going on within us, so that a lazy stagnation or even a cottony milkiness may be preparing one knows not what biting or explosive material.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

March 1

March 2

March 3

—March 4—

Life itself

May not express us all, may leave the worst
And the best too, like tunes in mechanism
Never awaked.

George Eliot, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

Life is so complicated a game that the devices of skill are liable to be defeated at every turn by air-blown chances, incalculable as the descent of thistle-down.

George Eliot, in 'Romola.'

March 5

My husband's tongue 'ud have been a fortune to anybody, and there was many a one said it was as good as a dose of physic to hear him talk; not but what that got him into trouble in Lancashire, but he always said, if the worst came to the worst, he could go and preach to the blacks. But he did better than that, Mr Lyon, for he married me.

Mrs Holt, in 'Felix Holt.'

Marriage is a taming thing.

Caleb Garth, in 'Middlemarch.'

March 6

Fine feathers make fine birds. I see nothing to admire so much in those diminutive women; they look silly by the side o' the men—out o' proportion. When I chose my wife, I chose her the right size—neither too little nor too big.

Mr Tulliver, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

If you get hold of a chap that's got no shame nor conscience to stop him, you must try what you can do by bunging his eyes up.

Adam, in 'Adam Bede.'

March 4

March 5

March 6

—March 7—

If there's hot metal on the anvil, I lose no time before I strike; but I don't spend good hours in tinkling on cold iron, or in standing on the pavement as thou dost, Goro, with snout upward, like a pig under an oak-tree.

Caparra, in 'Romola.'

If everybody's son was guided by their mothers, the world 'ud be different.

Mrs Holt, in 'Felix Holt.'

March 8

College mostly makes people like bladders—just good for nothing but t'hold the stuff as is poured into 'em.

Bartle Massey, in 'Adam Bede.'

Lady Chettam.—Where can all the strength of those medicines go, my dear?

Mrs Cadwallader.—It strengthens the disease.

'Middlemarch.'

Joy is the best of wine.

George Eliot, in 'Silas Marner.'

—March 9—

It is good to be unselfish and generous; but don't carry that too far. It will not do to give yourself to be melted down for the benefit of the tallow-trade; you must know where to find yourself.

Sir Hugo Mallinger, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

What's it sinnify what Chowne's wife likes?—a poor soft thing, wi' no more head-piece nor a sparrow. She'd take a big cullender to strain her lard wi', and then wonder as the scratchins run through.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

March 7

March 8

S. Mahomed Ali, 186

March 9

— March 10 —

The finest language, I believe, is chiefly made up of unimposing words, such as 'light,' 'sound,' 'stars,' 'music,'—words really not worth looking at, or hearing, in themselves, any more than 'chips' or 'sawdust': it is only that they happen to be the signs of something unspeakably great and beautiful.

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

What we call our despair is often only the painful eagerness of unfed hope.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

— March 11 —

Mr Tom's as close as a iron biler, he is ; but I'm a 'cutish chap, an' when I've left off carrying my pack, an' am at a loose end, I've got more brains nor I know what to do wi', an' I'm forced to busy myself wi' other folks's insides.

Bob Fakin, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

I'm not denyin' the women are foolish : God Almighty made 'em to match the men.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

— March 12 —

It is the way with half the truth amidst which we live, that it only haunts us and makes dull pulsations that are never born into sound.

George Eliot, in 'Romola.'

There is no private life which has not been determined by a wider public life, from the time when the primeval milkmaid had to wander with the wanderings of her clan, because the cow she milked was one of a herd which had made the pastures bare.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

March 10

March 11

March 12

— March 13 —

Among the blessings of love there is hardly one more exquisite than the sense that in uniting the beloved life to ours we can watch over its happiness, bring comfort where hardship was, and over memories of privation and suffering open the sweetest fountains of joy.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

An old friend is not always the person whom it is easiest to make a confidant of.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

March 14

I'll never pull my coat off before I go to bed. I shall give Tom an eddication an' put him to a business, as he may make a nest for himself, an' not want to push me out o' mine. Pretty well if he gets it when I'm dead an' gone. I shan't be put off wi' spoon-meat afore I've lost my teeth.

Mr Tulliver, in the 'Mill on the Floss.'

We fall on the leaning side.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

March 15

It's good to live only a moment at a time, as I've read in one of Mr Wesley's books. It isn't for you and me to lay plans; we've nothing to do but to obey and to trust.

Dinah Morris, in 'Adam Bede.'

Ay, ay, use his gun to bring down your game, and after that beat the thief with the butt-end. That's wisdom and justice and pleasure all in one.

Parson Lingon, in 'Felix Holt.'

March 13

March 14

March 15

— March 16 —

Spirits seem buried and their epitaph
Is writ in Latin by severest pens,
Yet still they flit above the trodden grave
And find new bodies, animating them
In quaint and ghostly way with antique souls.

George Eliot, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

The tale of the Divine Pity was never yet believed
from lips that were not felt to be moved by human
pity.

George Eliot, in 'Janet's Repentance.'

March 17

Some say, history moves in circles ; and that may
be very well argued ; I have argued it myself. The
fact is, human reason may carry you a little too far—
over the hedge, in fact. It carried me a good way at
one time ; but I saw it would not do. I pulled up ; I
pulled up in time. But not too hard. I have al-
ways been in favour of a little theory : we must have
Thought ; else we shall be landed back in the dark
ages.

Mr Brooke, in 'Middlemarch.'

March 18

They say fortune is a woman and capricious. But
sometimes she is a good woman, and gives to those
who merit.

Mrs Farebrother, in 'Middlemarch.'

We cannot speak a loyal word and be meanly
silent, we cannot kill and not kill in the same mo-
ment ; but a moment is room wide enough for the
loyal and mean desire, for the outlash of a murderous
thought and the sharp backward stroke of repentance.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.' •

March 16

March 17

March 18

March 19

I have nothing to say again' Craig, on'y it is a pity he couldna be hatched o'er again, an' hatched different.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

I suppose we faulty creatures can never feel so much for the irreproachable as for those who are bruised in the struggle with their own faults. It is a very ancient story, that of the lost sheep—but it comes up afresh every day.

Daniel, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

March 20

Ah, sir, I've that sort of head that I've often wished I was stupider. I use things up, sir; I see into things a deal too quick. I eat my dinner, as you may say, at breakfast-time. That's why I hardly ever smoke a pipe. No sooner do I stick a pipe in my mouth than I puff and puff till it's gone before other folks are well lit; and then, where am I? I might as well have let it alone. In this world it's better not to be too quick. But you know what it is, sir.

Mr Chubb, in 'Felix Holt.'

March 21

I think, sir, when God makes His presence felt through us, we are like the burning bush: Moses never took any heed what sort of bush it was—he only saw the brightness of the Lord.

Dinah Morris, in 'Adam Bede.'

Deh! what are we sinners doing all our lives? Making soup in a basket, and getting nothing but the scum for our stomachs.

Bratti, in 'Romola.'

— *March 19* —

— *March 20* —

— *March 21* —

— March 22 —

The old Catholics are right, with their higher rule and their lower. Some are called to subject themselves to a harder discipline, and renounce things voluntarily which are lawful for others. It is the old word—'necessity is laid upon me.'

Felix, in 'Felix Holt.'

'1st Gent.—Our deeds are fetters that we forge ourselves.

2d Gent.—Ay, truly: but I think it is the world
That brings the iron.'

'Middlemarch.'

March 23

You must learn to deal with odd and even in life, as well as in figures.

Bartle Massey, in 'Adam Bede.'

Holy Madonna! it seems as if widows had nothing to do now but to buy their coffins, and think it a thousand years till they get into them, instead of enjoying themselves a little when they've got their hands free for the first time.

Monna Brigida, in 'Romola.'

March 24

If there is an angel who records the sorrows of men as well as their sins, he knows how many and deep are the sorrows that spring from false ideas for which no man is culpable.

George Eliot, in 'Silas Marner.'

Lives are enlarged in different ways. I daresay some would never get their eyes opened if it were not for a violent shock from the consequences of their own actions.

Daniel, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

March 22

March 23

March 24

—March 25—

Looking at the mother [Mrs Garth], you might hope that the daughter would become like her, which is a prospective advantage equal to a dowry—the mother too often standing behind the daughter like a malignant prophecy—‘Such as I am, she will shortly be.’

George Eliot, in ‘Middlemarch.’

Some deeds seem little more than interjections which give vent to the long passion of a life.

George Eliot, in ‘Daniel Deronda.’

.....March 26.....

It seems to me we can never give up longing and wishing while we are thoroughly alive. There are certain things we feel to be beautiful and good, and we *must* hunger after them.

Philip Wakem, in ‘The Mill on the Floss.’

Eh ! well, if the Methodies are fond o’ trouble, they’re like to thrive : it’s a pity they canna ha’t all, an’ take it away from them as donna like it.

Lisbeth Bede, in ‘Adam Bede.’

.....March 27.....

What is lovely seen
Priced in a tarif?—lapis lazuli,
Such bulk, so many drachmas : amethysts
Quoted at so much ; sapphires higher still.
The stone like solid heaven in its blueness
Is what I care for, not its name or price.

Juan, in ‘The Spanish Gypsy.’

Miserliness is a capital quality to run in families ;
it’s the safe side for madness to dip on.

Mrs Cadwallader, in ‘Middlemarch.’

March 25

March 26

Azeez Rahman Khan M.A. LL.B.
of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law

March 27

March 28

The poets have told us of a dolorous enchanted forest in the under world. The thorn-bushes there, and the thick-barked stems, have human histories hidden in them; the power of unuttered cries dwells in the passionless-seeming branches, and the red warm blood is darkly feeding the quivering nerves of a sleepless memory that watches through all dreams. These things are a parable.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

March 29

Old men's eyes are like old men's memories; they are strongest for things a long way off.

Bernardo, in 'Romola.'

I think we deserve to be beaten out of our beautiful houses with a scourge of small cords—all of us who let tenants live in such sties as we see round us. Life in cottages might be happier than ours, if they were real houses fit for human beings from whom we expect duties and affections.

Dorothea Brooke, in 'Middlemarch.'

March 30

It's dreadful to think on, people playing with their own insides in that way! And it's flying i' the face o' Providence; for what are the doctors for, if we aren't to call 'em in?

Mrs Pullet, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

Meanin' goes but a little way i' most things, for you may mean to stick things together and your glue may be bad, and then where are you?

Mr Macey, in 'Silas Marner.'

March 28

March 29

March 30

It is the wiser plan to take it for granted that cousins will not fall in love. If you begin with precautions, the affair will come in spite of them. One must not undertake to act for Providence in these matters, which can no more be held under the hand than a brood of chickens.

Mr Gascoigne, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

It's a small joke sets men laughing when they sit a-staring at one another with a pipe i' their mouths.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

March 31

April.

IT was in the prime
Of the sweet Spring-time.
In the linnet's throat
Trembled the love-note,
And the love-stirred air
Thrilled the blossoms there.
Little shadows danced
Each a tiny elf,
Happy in large light
And the thinnest self.

Pablo's Song, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

I might mention all the divine charms of a bright spring day, but if you had never in your life utterly forgotten yourself in straining your eyes after the mounting lark, or in wandering through the still lanes when the fresh-opened blossoms fill them with a sacred silent beauty like that of fretted aisles, where would be the use of my descriptive catalogue? I could never make you know what I meant by a bright spring day.

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

April 1

The gladness in Mr Farebrother's face was of that active kind which seems to have energy enough not only to flash outwardly, but to light up busy vision within : one seemed to see thoughts as well as delight in his glances.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

There is heroism even in the circles of hell for fellow-sinners who cling to each other in the fiery whirlwind and never recriminate.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

April 2

I've had my say out, and I shall be th' easier for't all my life. 'There's no pleasure i' living, if you're to be corked up for ever, and only dribble your mind out by the sly, like a leaky barrel.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

Our consciences are not all of the same pattern, an inner deliverance of fixed laws : they are the voice of sensibilities as various as our memories (which also have their kinship and likeness).

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

April 3

In the ages since Adam's marriage, it has been good for some men to be alone, and for some women also.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

The days of chivalry are not gone, notwithstanding Burke's grand dirge over them : they live still in that far-off worship paid by many a youth and man to the woman of whom he never dreams that he shall touch so much as her little finger or the hem of her robe.

George Eliot, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

April 1

April 2

April 3

April 4

Two lovers by a moss-grown spring :
They leaned soft cheeks together there,
Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
And heard the wooing thrushes sing.

O budding time !

O love's blest prime !

George Eliot, in 'The Two Lovers.'

What novelty is worth that sweet monotony where
everything is known, and *loved* because it is known?

George Eliot, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

April 5

That's the worst on't wi' the crossing o' breeds: you
can never justly calkilate what'll come on't.

Mr Tulliver, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

Mary.—I don't love Fred because he is a fine match.

Caleb.—What for, then?

Mary.—Oh dear, because I have always loved him.
I should never like scolding any one else so well; and
that is a point to be thought of in a husband.

'Middlemarch.'

April 6

The Hazael's of our world who are pushed on quickly
against their preconceived confidence in themselves
to do doglike actions by the sudden suggestions of a
wicked ambition, are much fewer than those who are
led on through the years by the gradual demands of
a selfishness which has spread its fibres far and wide
through the intricate vanities and sordid cares of an
everyday existence.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

April 4

April 5

April 6

— April 7 —

It is hard to say how much we could forgive ourselves if we were secure from judgment by another whose opinion is the breathing-medium of all our joy—who brings to us with close pressure and immediate sequence that judgment of the Invisible and Universal which self-flattery and the world's tolerance would easily melt and disperse. In this way our brother may be in the stead of God to us, and his opinion which has pierced even to the joints and marrow, may be our virtue in the making.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

April 8

You're right there, Tookey: there's allays two 'pinions; there's the 'pinion a man has of himsen, and there's the 'pinion other folks have on him. There'd be two 'pinions about a cracked bell, if the bell could hear itself.

Mr Macey, in 'Silas Marner.'

I *am* a bit of a Do, you know; but it's on'y when a feller's a big rogue, or a big flat, I like to let him in a bit, that's all.

Bob Jakin, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

April 9

The same society has had a gibbet for the murderer and a gibbet for the martyr, an execrating hiss for a clastardly act and as loud a hiss for many a word of generous truthfulness or just insight: a mixed condition of things which is the sign, not of hopeless confusion, but of struggling order.

George Eliot, in 'Romola.'

There's folks 'ud stand on their heads and theif say the fault was i' their boots.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

April 7

April 8

April 9

—April 10—

I think my head's all alive inside like an old cheese, for I'm so full o' plans, one knocks another over. If I hadn't Mumps to talk to, I should get top-heavy an' tumble in a fit. I suppose it's because I niver went to school much. That's what I jaw my old mother for. I says, 'You should ha' sent me to school a bit more,' I says—'an' then I could ha' read i' the books like fun, an' kep' my head cool an' empty.'

Bob Jakin, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

—April 11

Rosamond blushed and looked at her lover as the garden flowers look at us when we walk forth happily among them in the transcendent evening light: is there not a soul beyond utterance, half-nymph, half-child, in those delicate petals which glow and breathe about the centres of deep colour?

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

The little waves make the large ones, and are of the same pattern.

Ladislaw, in 'Middlemarch.'

—April 12

— That beneficent harness of routine which enables silly men to live respectably and unhappy men to live calmly.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

Mirah's was the sort of voice that gives the impression of being meant like a bird's wooing for an audience near and beloved.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

April 10

April 11

April 12

April 13

He who bids for nuts and news, may chance to find them hollow.

Tito Melema, in 'Romola.'

(*To Bulstrode.*)—I never professed to be anything but worldly : and, what's more, I don't see anybody else who is not worldly. I suppose you don't conduct business on what you call unworldly principles. The only difference I see is that one worldliness is a little bit honester than another.

Mr Vincy, in 'Middlemarch.'

April 14

We must be patient with the inevitable makeshift of our human thinking, whether in its sum total or in the separate minds that have made the sum. Columbus had some impressions about himself which we call superstitions, and used some arguments which we disapprove ; but he had also some true physical conceptions, and he had the passionate patience of genius to make them tell on mankind. The world has made up its mind rather contemptuously about those who were deaf to Columbus.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

April 15

Retribution may come from any voice : the hardest, cruelest, most imbruted urchin at the street-corner can inflict it : surely help and pity are rarer things—more needful for the righteous to bestow.

George Eliot, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

There is a great deal of unmapped country within us which would have to be taken into account in an explanation of our gusts and storms.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

April 13

April 14

April 15

April 16

Storms will lay
The fairest trees and leave the withered stumps.
Sephardo, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

Things don't happen because they're bad or good,
else all eggs would be addled or none at all, and at the
most it is but six to the dozen. There's good chances
and bad chances, and nobody's luck is pulled only by
one string.

Denner, in 'Felix Holt.'

April 17

1st Gent.—An ancient land in ancient oracles
Is called 'law-thirsty:' all the struggle there
Was after order and a perfect rule.
Pray, where lie such lands now?

2d Gent.—Why, where they lay of old—
In human souls.

'Middlemarch.'

One can say everything best over a meal.

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

April 18

Religious ideas have the fate of melodies, which,
once set afloat in the world, are taken up by all sorts
of instruments, some of them wofully coarse, feeble,
or out of tune, until people are in danger of crying out
that the melody itself is detestable.

George Eliot, in 'Janet's Repentance.'

The best introduction to astronomy is to think of
the nightly heavens as a little lot of stars belonging to
one's own homestead.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

April 16

April 17

April 18

—April 19—

Who shall tell what may be the effect of writing? If it happens to have been cut in stone, though it lie face downmost for ages on a forsaken beach, or 'rest quietly under the drums and tramlings of many conquests,' it may end by letting us into the secret of usurpations and other scandals gossiped about long empires ago:—this world being apparently a huge whispering-gallery. Such conditions are often minutely represented in our petty lifetimes.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

April 20

I know there's a stage of speculation in which a man may doubt whether a pickpocket is blameworthy—but I'm not one of your subtle fellows who keep looking at the world through their own legs.

Felix, in 'Felix Holt.'

There's times when the crockery seems alive, an' flies out o' your hand like a bird. It's like the glass, sometimes, 'ull crack as it stands. What is to be broke *will* be broke.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

April 21

A vigorous error vigorously pursued has kept the embryos of truth a-breathing: the quest of gold being at the same time a questioning of substances, the body of chemistry is prepared for its soul, and Lavoisier is born.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

Human longings are perversely obstinate; and to the man whose mouth is watering for a peach, it's of no use to offer the largest vegetable marrow.

George Eliot, in 'Amos Barton.'

—April 19—

April 20

April 21

April 22

We women can't go in search of adventures—to find out the North-West Passage or the source of the Nile, or to hunt tigers in the East. We must stay where we grow, or where the gardeners like to transplant us. We are brought up like the flowers, to look as pretty as we can, and be dull without complaining. That is my notion about the plants: they are often bored, and that is the reason why some of them have got poisonous.

Gwendolen, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

April 23

There you go, supposing you'll get people to put their legs into a sack because you call it a pair of hosen.

Piero di Cosimo, in 'Romola.'

Truly, the uncertainty of things is a text rather too wide and obvious for fruitful application; and to discourse of it is, as one may say, to bottle up the air, and make a present of it to those who are already standing out of doors.

Rufus Lyon, in 'Felix Holt.'

April 24

The beings closest to us, whether in love or hate, are often virtually our interpreters of the world, and some feather-headed gentleman or lady whom in passing we regret to take as legal tender for a human being may be acting as a melancholy theory of life in the minds of those who live with them—like a piece of yellow and wavy glass that distorts form and makes colour an affliction. Their trivial sentences, their petty standards, their low suspicions, their loveless *ennui*, may be making somebody else's life no better than a promenade through a pantheon of ugly idols.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

April 22

April 23

April 24

—April 25—

Let even an affectionate Goliath get himself tied to a small tender thing, dreading to hurt it by pulling, and dreading still more to snap the cord, and which of the two, pray, will be master?

George Eliot, in 'Silas Marner.'

It is hard for us to live up to our own eloquence, and keep pace with our winged words, while we are treading the solid earth and are liable to heavy dining.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

April 26

It's poor work allays settin' the dead above the livin'. We shall all on us be dead sometime, I reckon—it 'ud be better if folks 'ud make much on us beforehand, istid o' beginnin' when we're gone. It's but little good you'll do a-watering the last year's crop.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

That's what you're allays at ; if I throw a stone and hit, you think there's summat better than hitting, and you try to throw a stone beyond.

Mr Macey, in 'Silas Marner.'

April 27

(*To Dorothea.*)—You must have a scholar, and that sort of thing? Well, it lies a little in our family. I had it myself—that love of knowledge, and going into everything—a little too much—it took me too far; though that sort of thing doesn't often run in the female line; or it runs underground like the rivers in Greece, you know—it comes out in the sons. Clever sons, clever mothers. I went a good deal into that, at one time.

Mr Brooke, in 'Middlemarch.'

April 25

April 26

April 27

—April 28—

There's many a good bit o' work done with a sad heart.

Adam, in 'Adam Bede.'

A hidden soul seemed to be flowing forth from Rosamond's fingers [as she played]; and so indeed it was, since souls live on in perpetual echoes, and to all fine expression there goes somewhere an originating activity, if it be only that of an interpreter.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

April 29

Why should I want to get into the middle class because I have some learning? The most of the middle class are as ignorant as the working people about everything that doesn't belong to their own Brummagem life. That's how the working men are left to foolish devices and keep worsening themselves: the best heads among them forsake their born comrades, and go in for a house with a high door-step and a brass knocker.

Felix, in 'Felix Holt.'

April 30

The world is great: the birds all fly from me,
The stars are golden fruit upon a tree
All out of reach: my little sister went,
And I am lonely.

Pablo's Song, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

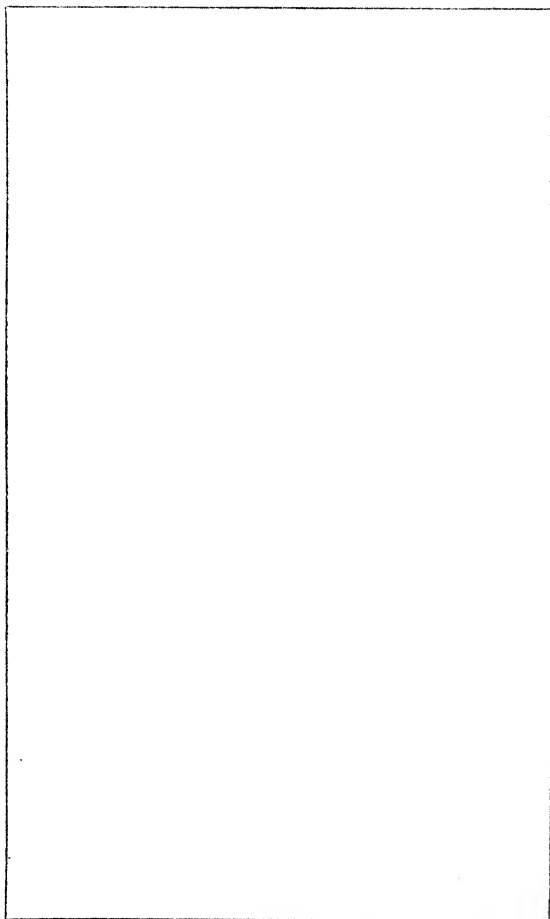
Men might well seek
For purifying rites; even pious deeds
Need washing.

Zarca, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

April 28

April 29

April 30



May.

THE wood I walk in on this mild May day, with the young yellow-brown foliage of the oaks between me and the blue sky, the white star-flowers and the blue-eyed speedwell and the ground ivy at my feet—what grove of tropic palms, what strange ferns or splendid broad-petalled blossoms, could ever thrill such deep and delicate fibres within me as this home-scene? These familiar flowers, these well-remembered bird-notes, this sky, with its fitful brightness, these furrowed and grassy fields, each with a sort of personality given to it by the capricious hedgerows—such things as these are the mother-tongue of our imagination, the language that is laden with all the subtle inextricable associations the fleeting hours of our childhood left behind them.

George Eliot, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

May 1

The greatest of painters only once painted a mysteriously divine child; he couldn't have told how he did it, and we can't tell why we feel it to be divine.

Philip Wakem, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

I cannot choose but think upon the time
When our two lives grew like two buds that kiss
At lightest thrill from the bee's swinging chime,
Because the one so near the other is.

George Eliot, in 'Brother and Sister.'

May 2

Men and women make sad mistakes about their own symptoms, taking their vague uneasy longings, sometimes for genius, sometimes for religion, and oftener still for a mighty love.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

There is a lightness about the feminine mind—a touch and go—music, the fine arts, that kind of thing—they should study those up to a certain point, women should; but in a light way, you know.

Mr Brooke, in 'Middlemarch.'

May 3

Even the patriarch Job, if he had been a gentleman of the modern West, would have avoided picturesque disorder and poetical laments; and the friends who called on him, though not less disposed than Bildad the Shuhite to hint that their unfortunate friend was in the wrong, would have sat on chairs and held their hats in their hands. The harder problems of our life have changed less than our manners; we wrestle with the old sorrows, but more decorously.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

May 1

May 2

May 3

May 4

I've never any pity for conceited people, because I think they carry their comfort about with them.

Maggie Tulliver, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

Dorothea.—It is very difficult to be learned; it seems as if people were worn out on the way to great thoughts, and can never enjoy them because they are too tired.

Ladislaw.—If a man has a capacity for great thoughts, he is likely to overtake them before he is decrepit.

'Middlemarch.'

May 5

Love has a habit of saying 'Never mind' to angry self, who, sitting down for the nonce in the lower place, by-and-by gets used to it.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

There's nothing kills a man so soon as having nobody to find fault with but himself. It's a deal the best way o' being master, to let somebody else do the ordering, and keep the blaming in your own hands. It 'ud save many a man a stroke, I believe.

Priscilla Lammeter, in 'Silas Marner.'

May 6

A bachelor's children are always young: they're immortal children—always lisping, waddling, helpless, and with a chance of turning out good.

Felix, in 'Felix Holt.'

No one who has ever known what it is to lose faith in a fellow-man whom he has profoundly loved and revered, will lightly say that the shock can leave the faith in the Invisible Goodness unshaken.

George Eliot, in 'Romola.'

May 4

May 5

May 6

May 7

The clerkly person smiled and said,
'Promise was a pretty maid,
But being poor she died unwed.'

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

We sit up at night to read about Çakya-Mouni, Saint Francis, or Oliver Cromwell ; but whether we should be glad for any one at all like them to call on us the next morning, still more, to reveal himself as a new relation, is quite another affair.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

May 8

It takes very little water to make a perfect pool for a tiny fish, where it will find its world and paradise all in one, and never have a presentiment of the dry bank. The fretted summer shade, and stillness, and the gentle breathing of some loved life near—it would be paradise to us all, if eager thought, the strong angel with the implacable brow, had not long since closed the gates.

George Eliot, in 'Romola.'

May 9

I daresay she's like the rest o' the women—thinks two and two 'll come to make five, if she cries and bothers enough about it.

Bartle Massey, in 'Adam Bede.'

Eh, there's trouble i' this world, and there's things as we can niver make out the rights on. And all as we've got to do is to trusten, Master Marner—to do the right thing as fur as we know, and to trusten.

Dolly Winthrop, in 'Silas Marner.'

May 7

May 8

May 9

May 10

What in the midst of that mighty drama [of life] are girls and their blind visions? They are the Yea or Nay of that good for which men are enduring and fighting. In these delicate vessels is borne onward through the ages the treasure of human affections.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

I remember when my dear aunt died, I longed for the sound of her bad cough in the nights, instead of the silence that came when she was gone.

Dinah Morris, in 'Adam Bede.'

May 11

Some folks' tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time o' the day, but because there's summat wrong i' their own inside.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

Men can do nothing without the make-believe of a beginning. . . . No retrospect will take us to the true beginning; and whether our prologue be in heaven or on earth, it is but a fraction of that all-presupposing fact with which our story sets out.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

May 12

'Tis a hard and ill-paid task to order all things beforehand by the rule of our own security, as is well-hinted by Machiavelli concerning Cæsar Borgia, who, saith he, had thought of all that might occur on his father's death, and had provided against every evil chance save only one: it had never come into his mind that when his father died, his own death would quickly follow.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

May 10

May 11

May 12

May 13

We are all of us made more graceful by the inward presence of what we believe to be a generous purpose; our actions move to a hidden music—'a melody that's sweetly played in tune.'

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

It seems to me as a woman's face doesna want flowers; it's almost like a flower itself. . . . It's like when a man's singing a good tune, you don't want t' hear bells tinkling and interfering wi' the sound.

Adam, in 'Adam Bede.'

May 14

Was never true love loved in vain,
For truest love is highest gain.
No art can make it : it must spring
Where elements are fostering.
So in heaven's spot and hour
Springs the little native flower,
Downward root and upward eye,
Shapen by the earth and sky.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

May 15

When gratitude has become a matter of reasoning there are many ways of escaping from its bonds.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

The scornful nostril and the high head gather not the odours that lie on the track of truth. The mind that is too ready at contempt and reprobation is, I may say, as a clenched fist that can give blows, but is shut up from receiving and holding ought that is precious—though it were heaven-sent manna.

Rufus Lyon, in 'Felix Holt.'

May 13

May 14

May 15

May 16

— That hidden life which lies, like a dark by-street, behind the goodly ornamented façade that meets the sunlight and the gaze of respectable admirers.

George Eliot, in 'Silas Marner.'

I hate to see a man's arms drop down as if he was shot, before the clock's fairly struck, just as if he'd never a bit o' pride and delight in's work. The very grindstone 'ull go on turning a bit after you loose it.

Adam, in 'Adam Bede.'

May 17

Lors, it's a fine thing to hev a dumb brute fond on you; it'll stick to you, an' make no jaw.

Bob Fakin, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

There is no escaping the fact that want of sympathy condemns us to a corresponding stupidity. Mephistopheles thrown upon real life, and obliged to manage his own plots, would inevitably make blunders.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

May 18

A great mistake, Chettam, going into electrifying your land and that kind of thing, and making a par-lour of your cow-house. It won't do. I went into science a great deal myself at one time; but I saw it would not do. It leads to everything; you can let nothing alone. No, no—see that your tenants don't sell their straw, and that kind of thing; and give them draining-tiles, you know. But your fancy-farming will not do—the most expensive sort of whistle you can buy: you may as well keep a pack of hounds.

Mr Brooke, in 'Middlemarch.'

May 16

May 17

May 18

May 19

If you go past your dinner-time, there'll be little relish o' your meat. You turn it o'er an' o'er wi' your fork, an' don't eat it after all. You find faut wi' your meat, an' the faut's all i' your own stomach.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

What is love itself, for the one we love best?—an enfolding of immeasurable cares which yet are better than any joys outside our love.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

May 20

Everything winds about so—the more straightforward you are, the more you're puzzled.

Mr Tulliver, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

We touch afar.

For did not swarthy slaves of yesterday
Leap in their bondage at the Hebrew's flight,
Which touched them through the thrice millennial
dark?

Walpurga, in 'Armgarth.'

May 21

'Character,' says Novalis, in one of his questionable aphorisms—'character is destiny.' But not the whole of our destiny.

George Eliot, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

Signs are small measurable things, but interpretations are illimitable, and in girls of sweet ardent nature, every sign is apt to conjure up wonder, hope, belief, vast as a sky, and coloured by a diffused thimbleful of matter in the shape of knowledge.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

May 19

May 20

May 21

May 22

To my inward vision
Things are achieved when they are well begun.
The perfect archer calls the deer his own
While yet the shaft is whistling. His keen eye
Never sees failure, sees the mark alone.

Zarqa, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

I think what we call the dulness of things is a disease in ourselves. Else how could any one find an intense interest in life? And many do.

Daniel, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

May 23

Breed is stronger than pasture.

Mr Lammeter, in 'Silas Marner.'

Father, it is a great gift of the gods to be born with a hatred and contempt of all injustice and meanness. Yours is a higher lot, never to have lied and truckled, than to have shared honours won by dishonour. There is strength in scorn, as there was in the martial fury by which men became insensible to wounds.

Romola, in 'Romola.'

May 24

Often the soul is ripened into fuller goodness while age has spread an ugly film, so that mere glances can never divine the preciousness of the fruit.

George Eliot, in 'Silas Marner.'

— Those childlike caresses which are the bent of every sweet woman, who has begun by showering kisses on the hard pate of her bald doll, creating a happy soul within that woodenness from the wealth of her own love.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

May 22

May 23

May 24

May 25

The worst of all hobbies are those that people think they can get money at. They shoot their money down like corn out of a sack then.

Mr Deane, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

There's one sort of fellow sees nothing but the end of his own nose, and another sort that sees nothing but the hinder side of the moon; but my nephew Harold is of another sort; he sees everything that's at hitting distance, and he's not one to miss his mark.

Parson Lingon, in 'Felix Holt.'

May 26

There's folks 'ud hold a sieve under the pump and expect to carry away the water.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

The young ones have always a claim on the old to help them forward. I was young myself once, and had to do without much help; but help would have been welcome to me, if it had been only for the fellow-feeling's sake.

Caleb Garth, in 'Middlemarch.'

May 27

'Life and more life unto the chosen, death
To all things living that would stifle them!'
So speaks each god that makes a nation strong.

Zarca, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

It is a wonderful subduer, this need of love—this hunger of the heart—as peremptory as that other hunger by which Nature forces us to submit to the yoke, and change the face of the world.

George Eliot, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

May 25

May 26

May 27

May 28

One of the lessons a woman most rarely learns, is never to talk to an angry or a drunken man.

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

It's poor foolishness to run down your enemies.

Adam, in 'Adam Bede.'

It is not true that love makes all things easy : it makes us choose what is difficult.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

May 29

Wooden folks had need ha' wooden things t' handle.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

To pound the objects of sentiment into small dust, yet keep sentiment alive and active, is something like the famous recipe for making cannon—to first take a round hole and then enclose it with iron ; whatever you do keeping fast hold of your round hole.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

May 30

I'm proof against that word failure. I've seen behind it. The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best.

Felix, in 'Felix Holt.'

Obligation may be stretched till it is no better than a brand of slavery stamped on us when we were too young to know its meaning.

Ladislaw, in 'Middlemarch.'

May 28

May 29

May 30

That true heaven, the recovered past,
The dear small Known amid the Unknown vast.

George Eliot, in 'Jubal.'

What name doth Joy most borrow
When life is fair?

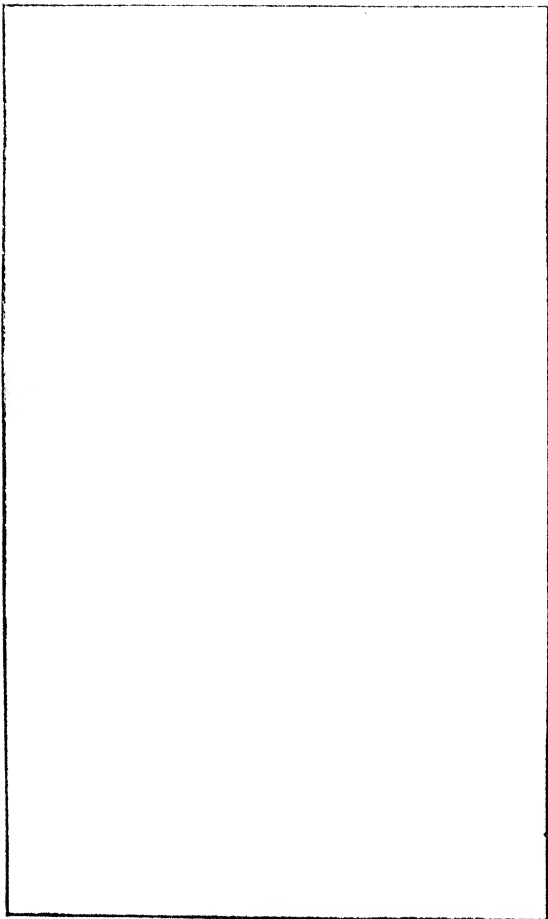
'To-morrow.'

What name doth best fit Sorrow
In young despair?

'To-morrow.'

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

May 31



J u n e.

Hinda.—You love the roses—so do I. I wish
The sky would rain down roses, as they rain
From off the shaken bush. Why will it not?
Then all the valley would be pink and white
And soft to tread on. They would fall as light
As feathers, smelling sweet; and it would be
Like sleeping and yet waking, all at once!
Over the sea, Queen, where we soon shall go,
Will it rain roses?

Fedalma. No, my prattler, no!
It never will rain roses: when we want
To have more roses we must plant more trees.

'The Spanish Gypsy.'

June 1

It is better sometimes *not* to follow great reformers of abuses beyond the threshold of their homes.

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

There were many subjects in the world—perhaps the majority—in which Gwendolen felt no interest, because they were stupid; for subjects are apt to appear stupid to the young as light seems dim to the old.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

June 2

It makes me very happy, Mr Farebrother, that I've got an opportunity again with the letting of the land, and carrying out a notion or two with improvements. It's a most uncommonly cramping thing, as I've often told Susan, to sit on horseback, and look over the hedges at the wrong thing, and not be able to put your hand to it to make it right. What people do who go into politics I can't think: it drives me almost mad to see mismanagement over only a few hundred acres.

Caleb Garth, in 'Middlemarch.'

June 3

The Golden Age can always come back 'as long as men are born in the form of babies, and don't come into the world in cassock or furred mantle.

Tito Melema, in 'Romola.'

The vindication of the loved object is the best balm affection can find for its wounds:—'A man must have so much on his mind,' is the belief by which a wife often supports a cheerful face under rough answers and unfeeling words.

George Eliot, in 'Silas Marner.'

June 1

June 2

June 3

June 4

To the far woods he wandered, listening,
And heard the birds their little stories sing
In notes whose rise and fall seem melted speech—
Melted with tears, smiles, glances—that can reach
More quickly through our frame's deep-winding night,
And without thought raise thought's best fruit, delight.

George Eliot, in 'Jubal.'

We hand folks over to God's mercy, and show none
ourselves.

Adam, in 'Adam Bede.'

June 5

We may strive and scrat and fend, but it's little we
can do arter all—the big things come and go wi' no
striving o' our'n—they do, that they do.

Dolly Winthrop, in 'Silas Marner.'

If you have any reason for not indulging a wish to
speak to a fair woman, it is a bad plan to look long
at her back : the wish to see what it screens becomes
the stronger. There may be a very sweet smile on
the other side.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

June 6

No man can be wise on an empty stomach.

Bartle Massey, in 'Adam Bede.'

I am not sure that the greatest man of his age, if
ever that solitary superlative existed, could escape un-
favourable reflections of himself in various small
mirrors ; and even Milton, looking for his portrait in
a spoon, must submit to have the facial angle of a
bumpkin.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

June 4

June 5

June 6

June 7

I desire no future that will break the ties of the past.

Maggie Tulliver, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

How will you know the pitch of that great bell
'Too large for you to stir? Let but a flute
Play 'neath the fine-mixed metal : listen close
Till the right note flows forth, a silvery rill :
Then shall the huge bell tremble—then the mass
With myriad waves concurrent shall respond
In low soft unison.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

June 8

It's ill guessing what the bats are flying after.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

Mr Hackit.—I never saw the like to parsons ;
they're al'ys for meddling with business, an' they
know no more about it than my black filly.

Mr Bond.—Ah, they're too high learnt to have
much common-sense.

Mr Hackit.—Well, I should say that's a bad sort
of eddication as makes folks unreasonable.

'Amos Barton.'

June 9

There's no slipping up-hill again, and no standing
still when once you've begun to slip down.

Adam, in 'Adam Bede.'

The worst drop of bitterness can never be wrung on
to our lips from without : the lowest depth of resigna-
tion is not to be found in martyrdom ; it is only to be
found when we have covered our heads in silence and
felt, 'I am not worthy to be a martyr ; the truth shall
prosper, but not by me.'

George Eliot, in 'Romola.'

June 7

June 8

June 9

—June 10—

In the screening time
Of purple blossoms, when the petals crowd
And softly crush like cherub cheeks in heaven,
Who thinks of greenly withered fruit and worms?
George Eliot, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

There is the terrible Nemesis following on some errors, that it is always possible for those who like it to interpret them into a crime: there is no proof in favour of the man outside his own consciousness and assertion.

Mr Farebrother, in 'Middlemarch.'

June 11

If the chaff-cutter had the making of us, we should all be straw, I reckon.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

Surely a young creature is pitiable who has the labyrinth of life before her and no clue—to whom distrust in herself and her good fortune has come as a sudden shock, like a rent across the path that she was treading carelessly.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

June 12

Hatred is like fire—it makes even light rubbish deadly.

George Eliot, in 'Janet's Repentance.'

There will be queens in spite of Salic or other laws of later date than Adam and Eve; and here, in this small dingy house of the minister in Malthouse Yard, there was a light-footed, sweet-voiced Queen Esther.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

June 10

June 11

June 12

June 13

There is a chill air surrounding those who are down in the world, and people are glad to get away from them, as from a cold room.

George Eliot, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

I've never changed: I'm a plain Churchman now, just as I used to be before doctrines came up. I take the world as I find it, in trade and everything else. I'm contented to be no worse than my neighbours.

Mr Vincy, in 'Middlemarch.'

June 14

The best fire doesna flare up the soonest.

Adam, in 'Adam Bede.'

Truth is the precious harvest of the earth.
But once, when harvest waved upon a land,
The noisome cankerworm and caterpillar,
Locusts, and all the swarming foul-born broods,
Fastened upon it with swift, greedy jaws,
And turned the harvest into pestilence,
Until men said, What profits it to sow?

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

June 15

When death, the great Reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

We may err in giving a too private interpretation to the Scripture. The word of God has to satisfy the larger needs of His people, like the rain and the sunshine—which no man must think to be meant for his own patch of seed-ground solely.

Rufus Lyon, in 'Felix Holt.'

June 13

June 14

June 15

June 16—

The weather, you see, 's a ticklish thing, an' a fool 'ull hit on't sometimes when a wise man misses; that's why the almanecks get so much credit. It's one o' them chancy things as fools thrive on.

Mr Craig, in 'Adam Bede.'

There are moments when our passions speak and decide for us, and we seem to stand by and wonder. They carry in them an inspiration of crime, that in one instant does the work of long premeditation.

George Eliot, in 'Romola.'

June 17

Fred Vincy.—I don't see how a man is to be good for much unless he has some one woman to love him dearly.

Mary.—I think the goodness should come before he expects that.

Fred.—You know better, Mary. Women don't love men for their goodness.

Mary.—Perhaps not. But if they love them, they never think them bad.

'Middlemarch.'

June 18

An over-'cute woman's no better nor a long-tailed sheep—she'll fetch none the bigger price for that.

Mr Tulliver, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

We please our fancy with ideal webs
Of innovation, but our life meanwhile
Is in the loom, where busy passion plies
The shuttle to and fro, and gives our deeds
The accustomed pattern.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

June 16

June 17

June 18

June 19

Why, there are maidens of heroic touch,
And yet they seem like things of gossamer
You'd pinch the life out of, as out of moths.
Oh, it is not loud tones and mouthiness,
'Tis not the arms akimbo and large strides,
That make a woman's force. The tiniest birds,
With softest downy breasts, have passions in them,
And are brave with love.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

June 20

If I got places, sir, it was because I made myself fit
for 'em. If you want to slip into a round hole, you
must make a ball of yourself—that's where it is.

Mr Deane, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

Of what use is a general certainty that an insect will
not walk with his head hindmost, when what you
need to know is the play of inward stimulus that
sends him hither and thither in a network of possible
paths?

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

June 21

It takes something else besides 'cuteness to make
folks see what'll be their interest in the long-run. It
takes some conscience and belief in right and wrong,
I see that pretty clear.

Adam, in 'Adam Bede.'

To think of the part one little woman can play in
the life of a man, so that to renounce her may be a
very good imitation of heroism, and to win her may
be a discipline!

Mr Farebrother in, 'Middlemarch.'

June 19 - - - - -

June 20 - - - - -

June 21 - - - - -

June 22

I would never choose to withdraw myself from the labour and common burthen of the world ; but I do choose to withdraw myself from the push and the scramble for money and position. Any man is at liberty to call me a fool, and say that mankind are benefited by the push and the scramble in the long-run. But I care for the people who live now and will not be living when the long-run comes. As it is, I prefer going shares with the unlucky.

Felix, in 'Felix Holt.'

June 23

What loneliness is more lonely than distrust ?

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

Dorothea filled up all blanks [in Mr Casaubon] with unmanifested perfections, interpreting him as she interpreted the works of Providence, and accounting for seeming discords by her own deafness to the higher harmonies. And there are many blanks left in the weeks of courtship, which a loving faith fills with happy assurance.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

June 24

I'm no fool myself : I'm forced to wink a good deal, for fear of seeing too much, for a neighbourly man must let himself be cheated a little.

Parson Lingon, in 'Felix Holt.'

It's the will o' Them above as a many things should be dark to us ; but there's some things as I've never felt i' the dark about, and they're mostly what comes i' the day's work.

Dolly Winthrop, in 'Silas Marner.'

June 22

June 23

June 24

June 25

It is a good and soothfast saw ;
Half-roasted never will be raw ;
No dough is dried once more to meal,
No crock new-shapen by the wheel ;
You can't turn curds to milk again,
Nor Now, by wishing, back to Then ;
And having tasted stolen honey,
You can't buy innocence for money.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

June 26

Does one who has been all but lost in a pit of darkness complain of the sweet air and the daylight? There is a way of looking at our life daily as an escape, and taking the quiet return of morn and evening—still more the starlike out-glowing of some pure fellow-feeling, some generous impulse breaking our inward darkness—as a salvation that reconciles us to hardship.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

June 27

'Tis grievous, that with all amplification of travel both by sea and land, a man can never separate himself from his past history.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

The Chosen People have been commonly treated as a people chosen for the sake of somebody else ; and their thinking as something (no matter exactly what) that ought to have been entirely otherwise.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

June 25

June 26

June 27

June 28

Marriage, which has been the bourne of so many narratives, is still a great beginning, as it was to Adam and Eve, who kept their honeymoon in Eden, but had their first little one among the thorns and thistles of the wilderness. It is still the beginning of the home epic—the gradual conquest or irremediable loss of that complete union which makes the advancing years a climax, and age the harvest of sweet memories in common.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

June 29

Juan, cease thy song.
Our whimpering poesy and small-paced tunes
Have no more utterance than the cricket's chirp
For souls that carry heaven and hell within.

Don Silva, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

Gossip is a sort of smoke that comes from the dirty tobacco-pipes of those who diffuse it : it proves nothing but the bad taste of the smoker.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

June 30

In the man whose childhood has known caresses there is always a fibre of memory that can be touched to gentle issues.

George Eliot, in 'Janet's Repentance.'

Don't be forecasting evil, dear child, unless it is what you can guard against. Anxiety is good for nothing if we can't turn it into a defence. But there's no defence against all the things that might be.

Mrs Meyrick, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

June 28

June 29

June 30

July.

THE thirtieth of July was come, and it was one of those half-dozen warm days which sometimes occur in the middle of a rainy English summer. . . . Nature seems to make a pause just then—all the loveliest flowers are gone; the sweet time of early growth and vague hopes is past; and yet the time of harvest and ingathering is not come, and we tremble at the possible storms that may ruin the precious fruit in the moment of its ripeness.

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

July 1

Those who trust us educate us.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

Children demand that their heroes should be fleshless, and easily believe them so: perhaps a first discovery to the contrary is hardly a less revolutionary shock to a passionate child than the threatened downfall of habitual beliefs which makes the world seem to totter for us in maturer life.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

July 2

Fred Vincy.—I am not fit to be a poor man. I should not have made a bad fellow if I had been rich.

Mary.—You would have done your duty in that state of life to which it has *not* pleased God to call you.

'Middlemarch.'

A maggot must be born i' the rotten cheese to like it, I reckon.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

July 3

The soul of man, when it gets fairly rotten, will bear you all sorts of poisonous toad-stools, and no eye can see whence came the seed thereof.

Caleb Garth, in 'Middlemarch.'

There has been no great people without processions, and the man who thinks himself too wise to be moved by them to anything but contempt, is like the puddle that was proud of standing alone while the river rushed by.

Pietro Cennini, in 'Romola.'

July 1

July 2

July 3

July 4

Our consciousness rarely registers the beginning of a growth within us any more than without us : there have been many circulations of the sap before we detect the smallest sign of the bud.

George Eliot, in 'Silas Marner.'

A diffident man likes the idea of doing something remarkable, which will create belief in him without any immediate display of brilliancy. Celebrity may blush and be silent, and win a grace the more.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

July 5

Leo. We must bury our dead joys
And live above them with a loving world.

Armngart.—Dear Leo, I will bury my dead joy.

Leo.—Mothers do so, bereaved ; then learn to love
Another's living child.

Armng. Oh, it is hard
To take the little corpse, and lay it low,
And say, 'None misses it but me.'

'Armngart.'

July 6

All the learnin' *my* father ever paid for was a bit o' birch at one end and the alphabet at th' other.

Mr Tulliver, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

Lydgate's endurance was mingled with a self-discontent which, if we know how to be candid, we shall confess to make more than half our bitterness under grievances, wife or husband included. It always remains true that if we had been greater, circumstance would have been less strong against us.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

July 4

July 5

July 6

July 7

I aren't like a bird-clapper, forced to make a rattle when the wind blows on me. I can keep my own counsel when there's no good i' speaking.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

A great deal of life goes on without strong passion; myriads of cravats are carefully tied, dinners attended, even speeches made proposing the health of august personages, without the zest arising from a strong desire.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

July 8

(*To his wife.*)—A true love for a good woman is a great thing, Susan. It shapes many a rough fellow.

Caleb Garth, in 'Middlemarch.'

T. Tulliver.—Now, don't you be up to any tricks, Bob, else you'll get transported some day.

Bob Fakin.—No, no; not me, Mr Tom. There's no law again' flea-bites. If I wasn't to take a fool in now and then, he'd niver get any wiser.

'The Mill on the Floss.'

July 9

The yoke a man creates for himself by wrong-doing will breed hate in the kindest nature.

George Eliot, in 'Silas Marner.'

If you feed your young setter on raw flesh, how can you wonder at its retaining a relish for uncooked partridge in after-life?

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

July 7

July 8

July 9

July 10

What sort of earth or heaven would hold any spiritual wealth in it for souls pauperised by inaction? If one firmament has no stimulus for our attention and awe, I don't see how four would have it. We should stamp every possible world with the flatness of our own inanity.

Daniel, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

Among all forms of mistake, prophecy is the most gratuitous.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

July 11

It's poor work, changing your country-side.

Luke, in the 'Mill on the Floss.'

I think that way of arguing against a course because it may be ridden down to an absurdity would soon bring life to a standstill. It is not the logic of human action, but of a roasting-jack, that must go on to the last turn when it has been once wound up. We can do nothing safely without some judgment as to where we are to stop.

Daniel, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

July 12

After all the talk of scholars, there are but two sorts of government: one where men show their teeth at each other, and one where men show their tongues and lick the feet of the strongest.

Ridolfi, in 'Romola.'

If we use common words on a great occasion, they are the more striking, because they are felt at once to have a particular meaning, like old banners, or everyday clothes, hung up in a sacred place.

Maggie Tulliver, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

July 10

July 11
Asad Mahomed Ali. 1892

July 12

July 13

Ye canna make the smart less wi' talkin'.

Lisbeth Bede, in 'Adam Bede.'

'Tis a great and mysterious gift, this clinging of the heart, my Esther, whereby it hath often seemed to me that even in the very moment of suffering our souls have the keenest foretaste of heaven. I speak not lightly, but as one who hath endured. And 'tis a strange truth that only in the agony of parting we look into the depths of love.

Rufus Lyon, in 'Felix Holt.'

July 14

Things look dim to old folks: they'd need have some young eyes about 'em, to let 'em know the world's the same as it used to be.

Mr Lammeter, in 'Silas Marner.'

Care has been taken not only that the trees should not sweep the stars down, but also that every man who admires a fair girl should not be enamoured of her, and even that every man who is enamoured should not necessarily declare himself.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

July 15

These charitable people never know vinegar from wine till they have swallowed it and got the colic.

Mrs Cadwallader, in 'Middlemarch.'

Depend upon it, you would gain unspeakably if you would learn with me to see some of the poetry and the pathos, the tragedy and the comedy, lying in the experience of a human soul that looks out through dull grey eyes, and that speaks in a voice of quite ordinary tones.

George Eliot, in 'Amos Barton.'

July 13

July 14

July 15

July 16

Every limit is a beginning as well as an ending. Who can quit young lives after being long in company with them, and not desire to know what befell them in their after-years? For the fragment of a life, however typical, is not the sample of an even web: promises may not be kept, and an ardent outset may be followed by declension; latent powers may find their long-awaited opportunity; a past error may urge a grand retrieval.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

July 17

It seems as if them as aren't wanted here are th' only folks as aren't wanted i' th' other world.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

What is fame
But the benignant strength of One, transformed
To joy of Many? Tributes, plaudits come
As necessary breathing of such joy,
And may they come to me!

Armgarth, in 'Armgarth.'

July 18

I think I should have no other mortal wants, if I could always have plenty of music.

Maggie Tulliver, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

Only those who know the supremacy of the intellectual life—the life which has a seed of ennobling thought and purpose within it—can understand the grief of one who falls from that serene activity into the absorbing soul-wasting struggle with worldly annoyances.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

July 16

July 17

July 18

—July 19—

If I had not taken that turn when I was a lad, I might have got into some stupid draught-horse work or other, and lived always in blinkers. I should never have been happy in any profession that did not call forth the highest intellectual strain, and yet keep me in good warm contact with my neighbours. There is nothing like the medical profession for that: one can have the exclusive scientific life that touches the distance and befriend the old fogies in the parish too.

Lydgate, in 'Middlemarch.'

July 20

I measure men's dulness by the devices they trust in for deceiving others. Your dullest animal of all is he who grins and says he doesn't mind just after he has had his shins kicked.

Macchiavelli, in 'Romola.'

All passion becomes strength when it has an outlet from the narrow limits of our personal lot in the labour of our right arm, the cunning of our right hand, or the still, creative activity of our thought.

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

July 21

Will not a tiny speck very close to our vision blot out the glory of the world, and leave only a margin by which we see the blot? I know no speck so troublesome as self.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

We must not inquire too curiously into motives. They are apt to become feeble in the utterance: the aroma is mixed with the grosser air. We must keep the germinating grain away from the light.

Mr Casaubon, in 'Middlemarch.'

July 19

July 20

July 21

July 22

The gods of the hearth exist for us still ; and let all new faith be tolerant of that fetishism, lest it bruise its own roots.

George Eliot, in 'Silas Marner.'

— Calamity falling on a base mind, which is the one form of sorrow that has no balm in it, and that may well make a man say,—‘It would have been better for me if I had never been born.’

Romola, in 'Romola.'

July 23

1st Citizen.—Sir, there's a hurry in the veins of youth
That makes a vice of virtue by excess.

2d Citizen.—What if the coolness of our tardier veins
Be loss of virtue?

1st Citizen.— All things cool with time—
The sun itself, they say, till heat shall find
A general level, nowhere in excess.

2d Citizen.—'Tis a poor climax, to my weaker thought,
That future middlingness.

'Felix Holt.'

July 24

Who can tell what just criticisms Murr the Cat may be passing on us beings of wider speculation?

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

There are few of us that are not rather ashamed of our sins and follies as we look out on the blessed morning sunlight, which comes to us like a bright-winged angel beckoning us to quit the old path of vanity that stretches its dreary length behind us.

George Eliot, in 'Amos Barton.'

July 22

July 23

July 24

July 25

It has been so with rulers, emperors,
Nay, sages who held secrets of great Time,
Sharing his hoary and beneficent life—
Men who sate throned among the multitudes—
They have sore sickened at the loss of one.

George Eliot, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

Lors, I'm a honest chap, I am ; only I must hev a
bit o' sport, an' now I don't go wi' the ferrets, I'n got
no varmint to come over but them haggling women.

Bob Fakin, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

July 26

Play not with paradoxes. That caustic which you
handle in order to scorch others, may happen to sear
your own fingers, and make them dead to the quality
of things. 'Tis difficult enough to see our way and
keep our torch steady in this dim labyrinth : to whirl
the torch and dazzle the eyes of our fellow-seekers is a
poor daring, and may end in total darkness.

Rufus Lyon, in 'Felix Holt.'

Particular lies may speak a general truth.

The Prior, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

July 27

If there are two things not to be hidden—love and
a cough—I say there is a third, and that is ignorance,
when once a man is obliged to do something besides
wagging his head. The *tonsor inequalis* is inevitably
betrayed when he takes the shears in his hand.

Nello, in 'Romola.'

There's no knowing what a mixture will turn out
beforehand. Some sorts of dirt serve to clarify.

Mr Farebrother, in 'Middlemarch.'

July 25

July 26

July 27

July 28

I allays said I'd never marry a man as had got no brains ; for where's the use of a woman having brains of her own if she's tackled to a geck as everybody's a-laughing at? She might as well dress herself fine to sit back'ards on a donkey.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

— That sort of reputation which precedes performance,—often the larger part of a man's fame.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

July 29

Your trouble's easy borne when everybody gives it a lift for you.

Mrs Holt, in 'Felix Holt.'

The sound of tools to a clever workman who loves his work is like the tentative sounds of the orchestra to the violinist who has to bear his part in the overture: the strong fibres begin their accustomed thrill, and what was a moment before joy, vexation, or ambition, begins its change into energy.

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

July 30

The cat couldn't eat her mouse if she didn't catch it alive, and Bratti couldn't relish gain if it had no taste of a bargain.

Bratti, in 'Romola.'

The presence of a noble nature, generous in its wishes, ardent in its charity, changes the lights for us: we begin to see things again in their larger, quieter masses, and to believe that we too can be seen and judged in the wholeness of our character.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

July 28

July 29

July 30

July 31

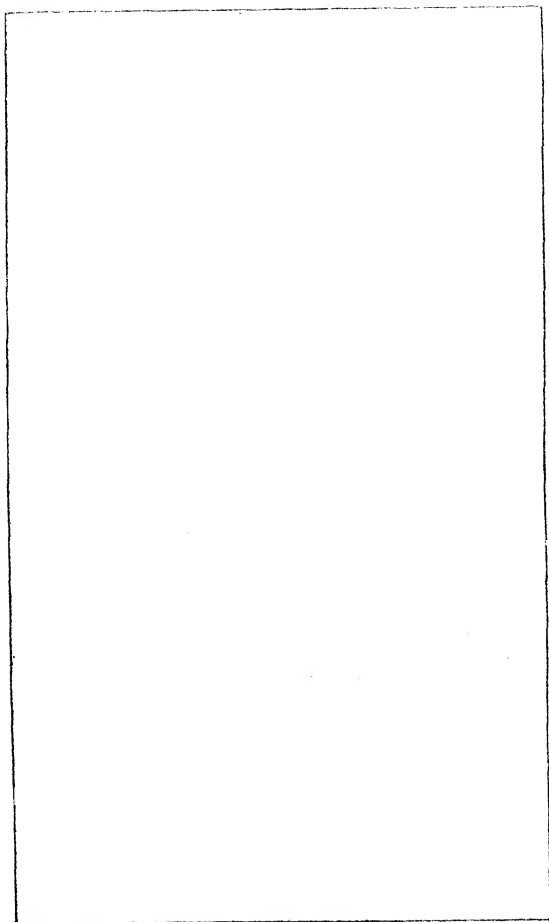
I have a knack of hoping, which is as good as an estate in reversion, if one can keep from the temptation of turning it into certainty, which may spoil all.

Hans Meyrick, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

Our deeds are like children that are born to us ; they live and act apart from our own will. Nay, children may be strangled, but deeds never : they have an indestructible life both in and out of our consciousness.

George Eliot, in 'Romola.'

July 31



August.

WARM whispering through the slender olive leaves
Came to me a gentle sound,
Whispering of a secret found
In the clear sunshine 'mid the golden sheaves:
Said it was sleeping for me in the morn,
Called it gladness, called it joy,
Drew me on—'come hither, boy'—
To where the blue wings rested on the corn.
I thought the gentle sound had whispered true—
Thought the little heaven mine,
Leaned to clutch the thing divine,
And saw the blue wings melt within the blue.

Pablo's Song, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

August 1

Very slight things make epochs in married life.

George Eliot, in 'Romola.'

How is it that the poets have said so many fine things about our first love, so few about our later love? Are their first poems their best? or are not those the best which come from their fuller thought, their larger experience, their deeper-rooted affections? The boy's flute-like voice has its own spring charm; but the man should yield a richer, deeper music.

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

August 2

I've seen it again and again. If a man takes to tongue-work it's all over with him. 'Everything's wrong,' says he. That's a big text. But does he want to make everything right? Not he. He'd lose his text. 'We want every man's good,' say they. Why, they never knew yet what a man's good is. How should they? It's working for his victual—not getting a slice of other people's.

Mr Wace, in 'Felix Holt.'

August 3

A man's a man;
But when you see a king, you see the work
Of many thousand men.

Blasco, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

I'll tell you how I got on. It wasn't by getting astride a stick, and thinking it would turn into a horse, if I sat on it long enough. I kept my eyes and ears open, sir, and I wasn't too fond of my own back, and I made my master's interest my own.

Mr Deane, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

August 1

August 2

August 3

August 4

No story is the same to us after a lapse of time ; or rather, we who read it are no longer the same interpreters.

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

It's no use being one thing more than another if one has to endure the company of those men with a fixed idea—staring blankly at you, and requiring all your remarks to be small footnotes to their text. If you're to be under a petrifying well, you'd better be an old boot.

Hans Meyrick, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

August 5

Miss Maggie.—I think you never read any book but the Bible—did you, Luke?

Luke (the miller).—Nay, Miss—an' not much o' that. I'm no reader, I aren't.

'The Mill on the Floss.'

There's nothing but what's bearable as long as a man can work : the natur o' things doesn't change, though it seems as if one's own life was nothing but change.

Adam, in 'Adam Bede.'

August 6

It is not martyrdom to pay bills that one has run into one's self.

Mrs Cadwallader, in 'Middlemarch.'

I wonder whether the subtle measuring of forces will ever come to measuring the force there would be in one beautiful woman whose mind was as noble as her face was beautiful—who made a man's passion for her rush in one current with all the great aims of his life.

Felix, in 'Felix Holt.'

August 4

August 5

August 6

August 7

Hetty's no better than a peacock, as 'ud strut about on the wall, and spread its tail when the sun shone if all the folks i' the parish was dying.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

Pooh, thou'rt a poet, crazed with finding words
May stick to things and seem like qualities.

No pebble is a pebble in thy hands :

'Tis a moon out of work, a barren egg,

Or twenty things that no man sees but thee.

Lorenzo, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

August 8

The best part of a woman's love is worship ; but it is hard to her to be sent away with her precious spike-nard rejected, and her long tresses too, that were let fall ready to soothe the wearied feet.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

It is one thing to hate stolen goods, and another thing to hate them the more because their being stolen hinders us from making use of them.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

August 9

Sia ; I'll not deny which way the wind blows when every man can see the weathercock.

Caparra, in 'Romola.'

If we're men, and have men's feelings, I reckon we must have men's troubles. We can't be like the birds, as fly from their nest as soon as they've got their wings, and never know their kin when they see 'em, and get a fresh lot every year.

Adam, in 'Adam Bede.'

August 7

August 8

August 9

August 10

When one is five-and-twenty, one has not chalk-stones at one's finger-ends that the touch of a handsome girl should be entirely indifferent.

George Eliot, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

It is in those acts called trivialities that the seeds of joy are for ever wasted, until men and women look round with haggard faces at the devastation their own waste has made, and say, the earth bears no harvest of sweetness—calling their denial knowledge.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

August 11

A woman's hopes are woven of sunbeams; a shadow annihilates them.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

Because our race has no great memories,
I will so live, it shall remember me
For deeds of such divine beneficence
As rivers have, that teach men what is good
By blessing them.

Zarca, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

August 12

A feeling of revenge is not worth much, that you should care to keep it.

Philip Wakem, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

Love is such a simple thing when we have only one-and-twenty summers and a sweet girl of seventeen trembles under our glance, as if she were a bud first opening her heart with wondering rapture to the morning.

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

—August 10—

August 11

August 12

August 13

I'm a bad un to live with folks when they don't like the truth.

Priscilla Lammeter, in 'Silas Marner.'

It is only in that freshness of our time [youth] that the choice is possible which gives unity to life, and makes the memory a temple where all relics and all votive offerings, all worship and all grateful joy, are an unbroken history sanctified by one religion.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

August 14

That element of tragedy which lies in the very fact of frequency, has not yet wrought itself into the coarse emotion of mankind ; and perhaps our frames could hardly bear much of it. If we had a keen vision and feeling of all ordinary human life, it would be like hearing the grass grow and the squirrel's heart beat, and we should die of that roar which lies on the other side of silence. As it is, the quickest of us walk about well wadded with stupidity.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

August 15

Pre-eminence is sweet to those who love it, even under mediocre circumstances : perhaps it is not quite mythical that a slave has been proud to be bought first ; and probably a barn-door fowl on sale, though he may not have understood himself to be called the best of a bad lot, may have a self-informed consciousness of his relative importance, and strut consoled.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

We cannot reform our forefathers.

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

August 13

August 14

August 15

August 16

If you could make a pudding wi' thinking o' the batter, it 'ud be easy getting dinner.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

It's a strange thing to think of a man as can lift a chair with his teeth, and walk fifty mile on end, trembling and turning hot and cold at only a look from one woman out of all the rest i' the world. It's a mystery we can give no account of; but no more we can of the sprouting o' the seed, for that matter.

Adam, in 'Adam Bede.'

August 17

Pity the laden one; this wandering woe
May visit you and me.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

I reverence the law, but not where it is a pretext for wrong, which it should be the very object of law to hinder. . . . I hold it blasphemy to say that a man ought not to fight against authority: there is no great religion and no great freedom that has not done it, in the beginning.

Felix, in 'Felix Holt.'

August 18

I think the more on't when Mr Tom says a thing, because his tongue doesn't overshoot him as mine does. Lors! I'm no better nor a tilted bottle, I aren't—I can't stop mysen when once I begin.

Bob Jakin, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

My daughter, every bond of your life is a debt: the right lies in the payment of that debt; it can lie nowhere else. In vain will you wander over the earth; you will be wandering for ever away from the right.

Savonarola, in 'Romola.'

August 16

August 17

August 18

—August 19—

The law's made to take care o' raskills.

Mr Tulliver, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

The subtly-varied drama between man and woman is often such as can hardly be rendered in words put together like dominoes, according to obvious fixed marks. The word of all work Love will no more express the myriad modes of mutual attraction, than the word Thought can inform you what is passing through your neighbour's mind.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

August 20

One must be poor to know the luxury of giving !

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

It's a nicety of conversation which I would have you attend to—much quotation of any sort, even in English, is bad. It tends to choke ordinary remark. One couldn't carry on life comfortably without a little blindness to the fact that everything has been said better than we can put it ourselves.

Sir Hugo Mallinger, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

August 21

We look at the one little woman's face we love, as we look at the face of our mother earth, and see all sorts of answers to our own yearnings.

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

News is often dispersed as thoughtlessly and effectively as that pollen which the bees carry off (having no idea how powdery they are) when they are buzzing in search of their particular nectar.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

August 19

August 20

August 21

—August 22—

We perhaps never detect how much of our social demeanour is made up of artificial airs, until we see a person who is at once beautiful and simple: without the beauty, we are apt to call simplicity awkwardness.

George Eliot, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

Th' yoong men noo-a-deys, the're poor squashy things—the' looke well anoof, but the' woon't wear, the' woon't wear.

"Mester" Ford, in 'Amos Barton.'

August 23

Our finest hope is finest memory ;
And those who love in age think youth is happy,
Because it has a life to fill with love.

George Eliot, in 'A Minor Prophet.'

What believer sees a disturbing omission or infelicity? The text, whether of prophet or of poet, expands for whatever we can put into it, and even his bad grammar is sublime.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

August 24 •

There are men whose presence infuses trust and reverence ; there are others to whom we have need to carry our trust and reverence ready made.

George Eliot, in 'Romola.' •

It has always seemed to me before as if I could see behind people's words, as one sees behind a screen ; but in Mr Tryan it is his very soul that speaks.

Janet Dempster, in 'Janet's Repentance.'

August 22

August 23

August 24

—August 25—

What I say is, we've got to reverence the saints,
and not to set ourselves up as if we could be like
them, else life would be unbearable.

Monna Brigida, in 'Romola.'

— Rome, the city of visible history, where the
past of a whole hemisphere seems moving in funeral
procession with strange ancestral images and trophies
gathered from afar.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

August 26

It's hard work to tell which is Old Harry when
everybody's got boots on.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

A fine lady is a squirrel-headed thing, with small
airs, and small notions, about as applicable to the
business of life as a pair of tweezers to the clearing of
a forest.

Felix, in 'Felix Holt.'

—August 27—

How will you find good? It is not a thing of
choice: it is a river that flows from the foot of the
Invisible Throne, and flows by the path of obedience.

Savonarola, in 'Romola.'

Hopes have precarious life.

They are oft blighted, withered, snapped sheer off
In vigorous growth and turned to rottenness.
But faithfulness can feed on suffering,
And knows no disappointment.

Fedalma, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

—August 25—

× August 26.

August 27

—August 28—

We could never have loved the earth so well if we had had no childhood in it.

George Eliot, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

I hate that talk o' people, as if there was a way o' making amends for everything. They'd more need be brought to see as the wrong they do can never be altered.

Adam, in 'Adam Bede.'

—August 29

In the vain laughter of folly wisdom hears half its applause.

Bardo, in 'Romola.'

To me it is one of the most odious things in a girl's life, that there must always be some supposition of falling in love coming between her and any man who is kind to her, and to whom she is grateful.

Mary Garth, in 'Middlemarch.'

—August 30

I like breakfast-time better than any other moment in the day. No dust has settled on one's mind then, and it presents a clear mirror to the rays of things.

Parson Irwine, in 'Adam Bede.'

The finest threads, such as no eye sees, if bound cunningly about the sensitive flesh, so that the movement to break them would bring torture, may make a worse bondage than any fetters.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

August 28

August 29

August 30

—August 31—

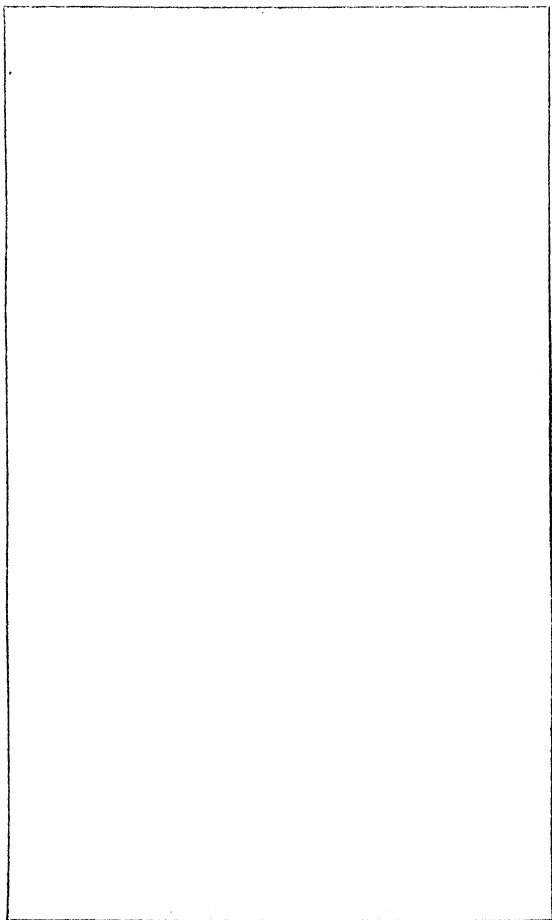
I love not to be choked with other men's thoughts.

Piero di Cosimo, in 'Romola.'

Let thy chief terror be of thine own soul :
There, 'mid the throng of hurrying desires
That trample o'er the dead to seize their spoil,
Lurks vengeance, footless, irresistible
As exhalations laden with slow death,
And o'er the fairest troop of captured joys
Breathes pallid pestilence.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

August 31



September.

It's wonderful how that sound [of the "Harvest Home"] goes to one's heart almost like a funeral-bell, for all it tells one o' the joyfullest time o' the year, and the time when men are mostly the thankfullest. I suppose it's a bit hard to us to think anything's over and gone in our lives ; and there's a parting at the root of all our joys.

Adam, in 'Adam Bede.'

In the checkered area of human experience the seasons are all mingled as in the golden age : fruit and blossom hang together ; in the same moment the sickle is reaping and the seed is sprinkled ; one tends the green cluster and another treads the wine-press. Nay, in each of our lives harvest and spring-time are continually one, until Death himself gathers us and sows us anew in his invisible fields.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

September 1

In courtship everything is regarded as provisional and preliminary, and the smallest sample of virtue or accomplishment is taken to guarantee delightful stores which the broad leisure of marriage will reveal. But the door-sill of marriage once crossed, expectation is concentrated on the present. Having once embarked on your marital voyage, it is impossible not to be aware that you make no way and that the sea is not within sight—that, in fact, you are exploring an enclosed basin.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

September 2

I'm a straightforrard chap—up to no tricks, mum. I can on'y say my nose is my own, for if I went beyond, I should lose myself pretty quick.

Bob Jakin, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

Leisure is gone—gone where the spinning-wheels are gone, and the pack-horses, and the slow waggons, and the pedlars who brought bargains to the door on sunny afternoons.

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

September 3

I choose to walk high with sublimer dread
Rather than crawl in safety.

Armgar, in 'Armgar.'

If a prophet is to keep his power, he must be a prophet like Mahomet, with an army at his back, that when the people's faith is fainting it may be frightened into life again.

Macchiavelli, in 'Romola.'

September 1

September 2

September 3

September 4

Jealousy is never satisfied with anything short of an omniscience that would detect the subtlest fold of the heart.

George Eliot, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

The growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts ; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

September 5

A bit o' bread's what I like from one year's end to the other ; but men's stomichs are made so comical, they want a change—they do, I know, God help 'em.

Dolly Winthrop, in 'Silas Marner.'

The figures tell us a fine deal, and we couldn't go far without 'em, but they don't tell us about folks' feelings. It's a nicer job to calculate *them*.

Adam, in 'Adam Bede.'

September 6

The soul without still helps the soul within,
And its deft magic ends what we begin.

George Eliot, in 'Fubal.'

Many of these half-way seventies are mere hot-headed blundering. The only safe blows to be inflicted on men and parties are the blows that are too heavy to be avenged.

Macchiavelli, in 'Romola.'

September 4

September 5

September 6

September 7

A woman's lot is made for her by the love she accepts.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

— That pleasureless yielding to the small solicitations of circumstance, which is a commoner history of perdition than any single momentous bargain.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

September 8

I'n got no taste i' my mouth this day—it's all one what I swaller—it's all got the taste o' sorrow wi't.

Lisbeth Bede, in 'Adam Bede.'

Until every good man is brave, we must expect to find many good women timid : too timid even to believe in the correctness of their own best promptings, when these would place them in a minority.

George Eliot, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

September 9

I'll tell you what, Dan, a man who sets his face against every sort of humbug is simply a three-cornered impracticable fellow. There's a bad style of humbug, but there is also a good style—one that oils the wheels and makes progress possible. If you are to rule men, you must rule them through their own ideas ; and I agree with the Archbishop at Naples who had a St Januarius procession against the plague. It's no use having an Order in Council against popular shallowness. There is no action possible without a little acting.

Sir Hugo Mallinger, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

September 7

September 8

September 9

September 10

No amount of wishing will fill the Arno, or turn a plum into an orange.

Tito Melema, in 'Romola.'

Hath she her faults? I would you had them too.
They are the fruity must of soundest wine;
Or say, they are regenerating fire
Such as hath turned the dense black element
Into a crystal pathway for the sun.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

September 11

Truth-vendors and medicine-vendors usually recommend swallowing. When a man sees his livelihood in a pill or a proposition, he likes to have orders for the dose, and not curious inquiries.

Felix, in 'Felix Holt.'

You want to find out a mode of renunciation that will be an escape from pain. I tell you again, there is no such escape possible except by perverting or mutilating one's nature.

Philip Wakem, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

September 12

Ah, my boy, it is not only woman's love that is ἀνερως ἔπος, as old Æschylus calls it. There's plenty of 'unloving love' in the world of a masculine kind.

Parson Irwine, in 'Adam Bede.'

While we are talking and meditating about the earth's orbit and the solar system, what we feel and adjust our movements to is the stable earth and the changing day.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

September 10

September 11

September 12

September 13

If a chap gives me one black eye, that's enough for me: I shan't ax him for another afore I sarve him out.

Bob Jakin, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

Among the things we may gamble away in a lazy selfish life is the capacity for ruth, compunction, or any unselfish regret—which we may come to long for as one in slow death longs to feel laceration, rather than be conscious of a widening margin where consciousness once was.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

September 14

It was a fine mid-harvest time, not too warm for a noonday ride of five miles to be delightful: the poppies glowed on the borders of the fields, there was enough breeze to move gently like a social spirit among the ears of uncut corn, and to wing the shadow of a cloud across the soft grey downs; here the sheaves were standing, there the horses were straining their muscles under the last load from a wide space of stubble, but everywhere the green pastures made a broader setting for the corn-fields, and the cattle took their rest under wide branches.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

September 15

The wine and the sun will make vinegar without any shouting to help them.

Tito Melema, in 'Romola.'

What greater thing is there for two human souls, than to feel that they are joined for life—to strengthen each other in all labour, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting?

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

September 13

September 14

September 15

—September 16—

Childhood has no forebodings; but then, it is soothed by no memories of outlived sorrow.

George Eliot, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

If the instructed are not to judge for the uninstructed, why, let us set Dick Stubbs to make our almanacs, and have a President of the Royal Society elected by universal suffrage.

Rev. A. Debarry, in 'Felix Holt.'

September 17

Mab Meyrick.—I think that is the finest story in the world [Eckmann-Chatrian's *Histoire d'un Conscrit*].

Kate.—It is hardly to be called a story. It is a bit of history brought near us with a strong telescope. We can see the soldiers' faces: no, it is more than that—we can hear everything—we can almost hear their hearts beat.

'Daniel Deronda.'

One can begin so many things with a new person!—even begin to be a better man.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

September 18

No man is matriculated to the art of life till he has been well tempted.

Pietro Cennini, in 'Romola.'

I say not that compromise is unnecessary, but it is an evil attendant on our imperfection; and I would pray every one to mark that, where compromise broadens, intellect and conscience are thrust into narrower room.

Rufus Lyon, in 'Felix Holt.'

September 16-

September 17

September 18-

September 19

Every man's work, pursued steadily, tends to become an end in itself, and so to bridge over the loveless chasms of his life.

George Eliot, in 'Silas Marner.'

You inquire into the stuffing of your couch when anything galls you there, whereas eider-down and perfect French springs excite no question.

George Eliot, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

September 20

Folks as have no mind to be o' use have allays the luck to be out o' the road when there's anything to be done.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

There are moments when by some strange impulse we contradict our past selves—fatal moments, when a fit of passion, like a lava stream, lays low the work of half our lives.

George Eliot, in 'Janet's Repentance.'

September 21

It is as useless to fight against the interpretations of ignorance as to whip the fog.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

These gems have life in them : their colours speak,
Say what words fail of. So do many things—
The scent of jasmine, and the fountain's plash,
The moving shadows on the far-off hills,
The slanting moonlight, and our clasping hands.

Fedalma, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

—September 19—

September 20

September 21

September 22

Well, madam, put a good face on it, and don't seem to be on the look-out for crows, else you'll set other people watching.

Denner, in 'Felix Holt.'

Love does not aim simply at the conscious good of the beloved object : it is not satisfied without perfect loyalty of heart : it aims at its own completeness.

George Eliot, in 'Romola.'

September 23

For my part, people who do anything finely always inspire me to try. I don't mean that they make me believe I can do it as well. But they make the thing, whatever it may be, seem worthy to be done. I can bear to think my own music not good for much, but the world would be more dismal if I thought music itself not good for much. Excellence encourages one about life generally ; it shows the spiritual wealth of the world.

Daniel, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

September 24

The responsibility of tolerance lies with those who have the wider vision.

George Eliot, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

Is this world and all the life upon it only like a farce or a vaudeville, where you find no great meanings? Why then are there tragedies and grand operas, where men do difficult things and choose to suffer? I think it is silly to speak of all things as a joke.

Mirah, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

September 22

September 23

September 24

—September 25—

It's allays the way wi' them meek-faced people;
you may's well pelt a bag o' feathers as talk to 'em.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

It comes in so many forms in this life of ours—
the knowledge that there is something sweetest and
noblest of which we despair, and the sense of some-
thing present that solicits us with an immediate
and easy indulgence.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

—September 26—

People glorify all sorts of bravery except the bra-
very they might show on behalf of their nearest
neighbours.

Dorothea Brooke, in 'Middlemarch.'

Lay the young eagle in what nest you will,
The cry and swoop of eagles overhead
Vibrate prophetic in its kindred frame,
And make it spread its wings and poise itself
For the eagle's flight.

Zarca, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

—September 27—

Very little achievement is required in order to pity
another man's shortcomings.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

What says Luigi Pulci? 'Dombruno's sharp-cut-
ting scimitar had the fame of being enchanted; but,'
says Luigi, 'I am rather of opinion that it cut sharp
because it was of strongly-tempered steel.' Yes, yes;
Paternosters may shave clean, but they must be said
over a good razor.

Nello, in 'Romola.'

September 25

September 26

September 27

September 28

Our dead are never dead to us until we have forgotten them: they can be injured by us, they can be wounded; they know all our penitence, all our aching sense that their place is empty, all the kisses we bestow on the smallest relic of their presence.

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

The most terrible obstacles are such as nobody can see except one's self.

Lydgate, in 'Middlemarch.'

September 29

Wherever affection can spring, it is like the green leaf and the blossom—pure, and breathing purity, whatever soil it may grow in.

George Eliot, in 'Romola.'

A panting man thinks of himself as a clever swimmer; but a fish swims much better, and takes his performance as a matter of course.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

September 30

Our deeds still travel with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

My work is mine,
And, heresy or not, if my hand slacked
I should rob God—since He is fullest good—
Leaving a blank instead of violins.
I say, not God Himself can make man's best
Without best men to help Him.

Stradivarius, in 'Stradivarius.'

September 28

September 29

September 30

October.

HOPE, folding her wings, looked backward and became regret.

George Eliot, in 'Silas Marner.'

Daisies and buttercups give way to the brown waving grasses, tinged with the warm red sorrel; the waving grasses are swept away, and the meadows lie like emeralds set in the bushy hedgerows; the tawny-tipped corn begins to bow with the weight of the full ear; the reapers are bending amongst it, and it soon stands in sheaves: then, presently, the patches of yellow stubble lie side by side with streaks of dark-red earth, which the plough is turning up in preparation for the new-thrashed seed. And this passage from beauty to beauty, which to the happy is like the flow of a melody, measures for many a human heart the approach of foreseen anguish—seems hurrying on the moment when the shadow of dread will be followed up by the reality of despair.

George Eliot, in 'Mr Gilfil's Love-Story.'

October 1

A woman dictates before marriage in order that she may have an appetite for submission afterwards.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

'They that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of those that are weak, and not to please themselves.' There's a text wants no candle to show't; it shines by its own light.

Adam, in 'Adam Bede.'

October 2

It's the flesh and blood folks are made on as makes the difference. Some cheeses are made o' skimmed milk and some o' new milk, and it's no matter what you call 'em, you may tell which is which by the look and the smell.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

Many an inherited sorrow that has marred a life has been breathed into no human ear.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

October 3

These bitter sorrows of childhood! when sorrow is all new and strange, when hope has not yet got wings to fly beyond the days and weeks, and the space from summer to summer seems measureless.

George Eliot, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

Sacraments

Are not to feed the paupers of the world.

Armgar, in 'Armgar.'

October 1

October 2

October 3

October 4

What we call illusions are often, in truth, a wider vision of past and present realities—a willing movement of a man's soul with the larger sweep of the world's forces—a movement towards a more assured end than the chances of a single life. We see human heroism broken into units and say, this unit did little—might as well not have been. But in this way we might break up a great army into units; in this way we might break the sunlight into fragments, and think that this and the other might be cheaply parted with.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

October 5

You can't get twenty year wi' whistlin' for 'em, no more nor you can make the trees grow : you mun wait till God A'mighty sends 'em.

Luke, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

Doubtless some ancient Greek has observed that behind the big mask and the speaking-trumpet there must always be our poor little eyes peeping as usual, and our timorous lips more or less under anxious control.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

October 6

People who love downy peaches are apt not to think of the stone, and sometimes jar their teeth terribly against it.

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

Oh, I know the way o' wives; they set one on to abuse their husbands, and then they turn round on one and praise 'em as if they wanted to sell 'em.

Priscilla Lammeter, in 'Silas Marner.'

October 4

October 5

October 6

October 7

Trouble's made us kin.

Adam, in 'Adam Bede.'

It must be sad to outlive aught we love.
So I shall grieve a little for these days
Of poor unwed Fedalma. Oh, they are sweet,
And none will come just like them. Perhaps the wind
Wails so in winter for the summers dead,
And all sad sounds are nature's funeral cries
For what has been and is not

Fedalma, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

October 8

Those old stories of visions and dreams guiding men
have their truth : we are saved by making the future
present to ourselves.

Felix, in 'Felix Holt.'

The pain, as well as the public estimate of disgrace,
depends on the amount of previous profession. "To
men who only aim at escaping felony. nothing short of
the prisoner's dock is disgrace.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

October 9

The mother's yearning, that completest type of the
life in another life which is the essence of real human
love, feels the presence of the cherished child even in
the base, degraded man.

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

I don't think I could ever bear to make any one
unhappy ; and yet I often hate myself, because I get
angry sometimes at the sight of happy people.

Maggie Tulliver, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

October 7

October 8

October 9

October 10

It's easy finding reasons why other folks should be patient.

Bartle Massey, in 'Adam Bede.'

Attempts at description are stupid : who can all at once describe a human being? even when he is presented to us we only begin that knowledge of his appearance which must be completed by innumerable impressions under differing circumstances. We recognise the alphabet ; we are not sure of the language.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

October 11

The Rubicon, we know, was a very insignificant stream to look at ; its significance lay entirely in certain invisible conditions.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

Thought
Has joys apart, even in blackest woe,
And seizing some fine thread of verity
Knows momentary godhead.

Sephardo, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

October 12

Most folks is (fond o' whey) when they hanna got to crush it out.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

Who shall put his finger on the work of justice, and say, 'It is there'? Justice is like the kingdom of God—it is not without us as a fact, it is within us as a great yearning.

George Eliot, in 'Romola.'

October 10

October 11

October 12

October 13

Notions and scruples are like spilt needles, making one afraid of treading, or sitting down, or even eating.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

Surely, surely the only true knowledge of our fellow-man is that which enables us to feel with him—which gives us a fine ear for the heart-pulses that are beating under the mere clothes of circumstance and opinion.

George Eliot, in 'Janet's Repentance.'

October 14

Who that has a confidant escapes believing too little in his penetration, and too much in his discretion?

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

The thought that is bound up with our passion is as penetrative as air—everything is porous to it; bows, smiles, conversation, repartee, are mere honeycombs where such thought rushes freely, not always with a taste of honey.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

October 15

'Tis ripeness, 'tis fame's zenith that kills hope.

Huge oaks are dying, forests yet to come

Lie in the twigs and rotten-seeming seeds.

Zarca, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

One 'ud think, an hear some folks talk, as the men war 'cute enough to count the corns in a bag o' wheat wi' only smelling at it. They can see through a barn-door, *they* can. Perhaps that's the reason they can see so little o' this side on't.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

October 13

October 14

October 15

October 16

I know there's a stage of speculation in which a man may doubt whether a pickpocket is blameworthy—but I'm not one of your subtle fellows who keep looking at the world through their own legs.

Felix, in 'Felix Holt.'

Character is not cut in marble—it is not something solid and unalterable. It is something living and changing, and may become diseased as our bodies do.

Mr Farebrother, in 'Middlemarch.'

October 17

Mankind is not disposed to look narrowly into the conduct of great victors when their victory is on the right side.

George Eliot, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

That adoration which a young man gives to a woman whom he feels to be greater and better than himself, is hardly distinguishable from religious feeling. What deep and worthy love is so? whether of woman or child, or art or music.

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

October 18

High device is still the highest force,
And he who holds the secret of the wheel
May make the rivers do what work he would.

Zarza, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

To the end of men's struggles a penalty will remain for those who sink from the ranks of the heroes into the crowd for whom the heroes fight and die.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

October 16 -

October 17

October 18

October 19

The saints were cowards who stood by to see
Christ crucified : they should have flung themselves
Upon the Roman spears, and died in vain—
The grandest death, to die in vain—for love
Greater than sways the forces of the world !

Fedalma, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

Blows are sarcasms turned stupid : wit is a form of
force that leaves the limbs at rest.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

October 20

The sun himself looks feeble through the morning
mists.

George Eliot, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

The beginning of hardship is like the first taste of
bitter food—it seems for a moment unbearable ; yet,
if there is nothing else to satisfy our hunger, we take
another bite and find it possible to go on.

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

October 21

Enthusiasm, we know, dwells at ease among ideas,
tolerates garlic breathed in the middle ages, and sees
no shabbiness in the official trappings of classic pro-
cessions : it gets squeamish when ideals press upon it
as something warmly incarnate, and can hardly face
them without fainting.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

On the verge of a decision we all tremble : hope
pauses with fluttering wings.

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

October 19

October 20

October 21

October 22

It is given to us sometimes, even in our everyday life, to witness the saving influence of a noble nature, the divine efficacy of rescue that may lie in a self-subduing act of fellowship.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

The happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no history.

George Eliot, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

October 23

'One soweth and another reapeth,' is a verity that applies to evil as well as good.

Rufus Lyon, in 'Felix Holt.'

The early months of marriage often are times of critical tumult—whether that of a shrimp-pool or of deeper waters—which afterwards subsides into cheerful peace.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

October 24

Sephardo.—Resolve will melt no rocks.

Don Silva.—But it can scale them.

'The Spanish Gypsy.'

Sometimes things come into my head when I'm leeching or poulticing, or such, as I could never think on when I was sitting still.

Dolly Winthrop, in 'Silas Marner.'

October 22

October 23

October 24

October 25

You'll have to begin at a low round of the ladder, let me tell you, if you mean to get on in life.

Mr Deane, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

There is a sort of subjection which is the peculiar heritage of largeness and of love; and strength is often only another name for willing bondage to irremediable weakness.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

October 26

Favourable Chance, I fancy, is the god of all men who follow their own devices instead of obeying a law they believe in.

George Eliot, in 'Silas Marner.'

There is no despair so absolute as that which comes with the first moments of our first great sorrow, when we have not yet known what it is to have suffered and be healed, to have despaired and to have recovered hope.

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

October 27

It is only what we are vividly conscious of that we can vividly imagine to be seen by Omniscience.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

A girl of eighteen imagines the feelings behind the face that has moved her with its sympathetic youth, as easily as primitive people imagined the humours of the gods in fair weather: what is she to believe in, if not in this vision woven from within?

George Eliot, in 'Romola.'

October 25

October 26

October 27

October 28

In marriage, the certainty, 'She will never love me much,' is easier to bear than the fear, 'I shall love her no more.'

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

Most of us know little of the great originators until they have been lifted up among the constellations and already rule our fates.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

October 29

It isn't right for old nor young nayther to make a bargain all o' their own side. What's good for one's good all round i' the long-run.

Martin Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

If boys and men are to be welded together in the glow of transient feeling, they must be made of metal that will mix, else they inevitably fall asunder when the heat dies out.

George Eliot, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

October 30

'Ignorance,' says Ajax, 'is a painless evil;' so, I should think, is dirt, considering the merry faces that go along with it.

George Eliot, in 'Amos Barton.'

There must be a systole and diastole in all inquiry. A man's mind must be continually expanding and shrinking between the whole human horizon and the horizon of an object-glass.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

October 28

October 29

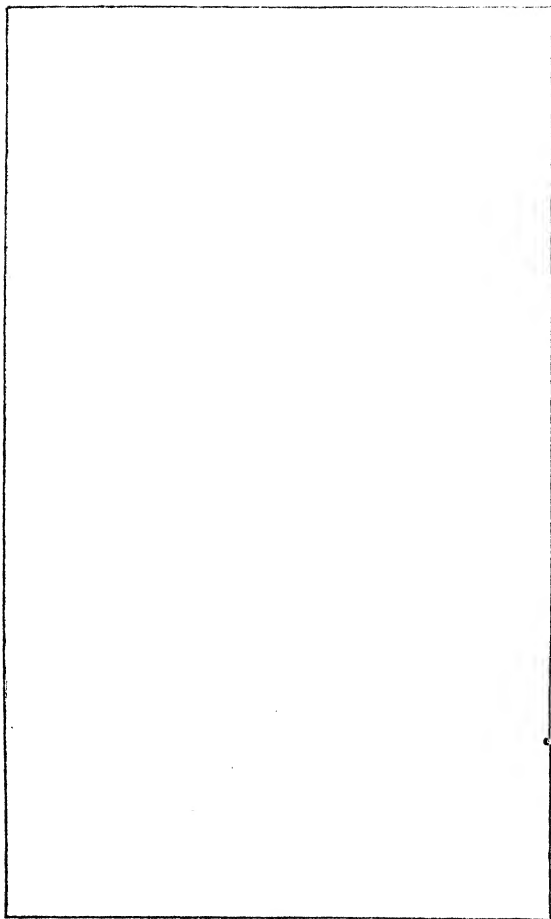
October 30

— Knightly love is blent with reverence
As heavenly air is blent with heavenly blue.
Juan, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

It is terrible—the keen bright eye of a woman when
it has once been turned with admiration on what is
severely true ; but then the severely true rarely comes
within its range of vision.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

October 31



November.

SURELY the golden hours are turning grey
And dance no more, and vainly strive to run :
I see their white locks streaming in the wind—
Each face is haggard as it looks at me,
Slow turning in the constant clasping round
Storm-driven.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

November 1

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence : live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

George Eliot.

November 2

It always seemed to me a sort of clever stupidity
only to have one sort of talent—almost like a carrier-
pigeon.

Maggie Tulliver, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

Who can know how much of his most inward life is
made up of the thoughts he believes other men to have
about him, until that fabric of opinion is threatened
with ruin?

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

November 3

I'm no friend to young fellows a-marrying afore they
know the difference atween a crab an' a apple ; but
they may wait o'er long.

Martin Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

Any coward can fight a battle when he's sure of
winning ; but give me the man who has pluck to fight
when he's sure of losing.

Mr Dempster, in 'Janet's Repentance.'

November 1

November 2

November 3

— November 4 —

The world isn't made of pen, ink, and paper, and if you're to get on in the world, young man, you must know what the world's made of.

Mr Deane, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

I am no friend of fines and banishment,
Or flames that, fed on heretics, still gape,
And must have heretics made to feed them still.

Don Silva, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

— November 5 —

We are all of us born in moral stupidity, taking the world as an udder to feed our supreme selves.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

Love has a way of cheating itself consciously, like a child who plays at solitary hide-and-seek; it is pleased with assurances that it all the while disbelieves.

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

— November 6 —

You're mighty fond o' Craig; but for my part, I think he's welly like a cock as thinks the sun's rose o' purpose to hear him crow.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

I never can make anything of this tip-top playing. It is like a jar of leeches, where you can never tell either beginnings or endings.

Mr Clintock, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

November 4

November 5

November 6

November 7

Shall I tell you what is the difference between you and me, Ezra? You are a spring in the drought, and I am an acorn-cup; the waters of heaven fill me, but the least little shake leaves me empty.

Mirah, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

I couldn't live in peace if I put the shadow of a wilful sin between myself and God.

Maggie Tulliver, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

November 8

Hard speech between those who have loved is hideous in the memory, like the sight of greatness and beauty sunk into vice and rags.

George Eliot, in 'Romola.'

Half the sorrows of women would be averted if they could repress the speech they know to be useless—nay, the speech they have resolved not to utter.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

November 9

It's them as take advantage that get advantage i' this world, *I* think: folks have to wait long enough afore it's brought to 'em.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

The seeds of things are very small: the hours that lie between sunrise and the gloom of midnight are travelled through by tiniest markings of the clock.

George Eliot, in 'Janet's Repentance.'

— *November 7* —

November 8

November 9

—November 10—

Thoughts
That nourish us to magnanimity
Grow perfect with more perfect utterance,
Gathering full-shapen strength.
Don Silva, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

Upon my word, I think the truth is the hardest
missile one can be pelted with.
Mr Cadwallader, in 'Middlemarch.'

—November 11—

We are apt to be kinder to the brutes that love us
than to the women that love us. Is it because the
brutes are dumb?
George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

Perhaps the most delightful friendships are those in
which there is much agreement, much disputation,
and yet more personal liking.
George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

—November 12—

I hate your epigrams and pointed saws
Whose narrow truth is but broad falsity.
Armgar, in 'Armgar.'

Where a great weight has to be moved, we require
not so much selected instruments as abundant horse-
power.
Rufus Lyon, in 'Felix Holt.'

—November 10—

November 11

November 12

November 13

Our nimble souls
Can spin an insubstantial universe
Suiting our mood, and call it possible,
Sooner than see one grain with eye exact
And give strict record of it.

Juan, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

So fast does a little leaven spread within us—so incalculable is the effect of one personality on another.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

November 14

It is of such stuff that superstitions are commonly made : an intense feeling about ourselves which makes the evening star shine at us with a threat, and the blessing of a beggar encourage us. And superstitions carry consequences which often verify their hope or their foreboding.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

When a man turns a blessing from his door, it falls to them as take it in.

Silas, in 'Silas Marner.'

November 15

The delicate-tendrilled plant must have something to cling to.

George Eliot, in 'Amos Barton.'

We are on a perilous margin when we begin to look passively at our future selves, and see our own figures led with dull consent into insipid misdoing and shabby achievement.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

November 13

November 14

November 15

November 16

Though Death were king,
And Cruelty his right-hand minister,
Pity insurgent in some human breasts
Makes spiritual empire, reigns supreme
As persecuted faith in faithful hearts.

Sephardo, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

Veracity is a plant of paradise, and the seeds have
never flourished beyond the walls.

Macchiavelli, in 'Romola.'

November 17

The creature we help to save, though only a half-reared linnet, bruised and lost by the wayside—how we watch and fence it, and dote on its signs of recovery! Our pride becomes loving, our self is a not-self for whose sake we become virtuous, when we set to some hidden work of reclaiming a life from misery and look for our triumph in the secret joy—'This one is the better for me.'

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

November 18

What can still that hunger of the heart which sickens the eye for beauty, and makes sweet-scented ease an oppression?

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

Unwonted circumstances may make us all rather unlike ourselves: there are conditions under which the most majestic person is obliged to sneeze, and our emotions are liable to be acted on in the same incongruous manner.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

November 16

November 17

November 18

November 19

Self-confidence is apt to address itself to an imaginary dulness in others ; as people who are well off speak in a cajoling tone to the poor, and those who are in the prime of life raise their voice and talk artificially to seniors, hastily conceiving them to be deaf and rather imbecile.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

One morsel's as good as another when your mouth's out o' taste.

Lisbeth Bede, in 'Adam Bede.'

November 20

There's windings i' things as they may carry you to the fur end o' the prayer-book afore you get back to 'em.

Mr Macey, in 'Silas Marner.'

A full-fed fountain will be generous with its waters even in the rain, when they are worse than useless ; and a fine fount of admonition is apt to be equally irrepressible.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

November 21

Nettle-seed needs no digging.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

To be right in great memorable moments, is perhaps the thing we need most desire for ourselves.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

The earliest and the longest has still the mastery over us.

George Eliot, in 'Amos Barton.'

November 19

November 20

November 21

November 22

'1st Gent. — All times are good to seek your wedded home

Bringing a mutual delight.

2d Gent. —

Why, true.

The calendar hath not an evil day

For souls made one by love, and even death

Were sweetness, if it came like rolling waves

While they two clasped each other, and foresaw

No life apart.'

'Middlemarch.'

November 23

To manage men one ought to have a sharp mind in a velvet sheath.

Pucci, in 'Romola.'

Men's muscles move better when their souls are making merry music.

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

Dirty work wants little talent and no conscience.

Felix, in 'Felix Holt.'

November 24

Our words have wings, but fly not where we would.

Fedalma, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

We are led on, like the little children, by a way that we know not.

Dinah Morris, in 'Adam Bede.'

If Aristides the Just was ever in love and jealous, he was at that moment not perfectly magnanimous.

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

November 22

November 23

November 24

November 25

There's no sort of work that could ever be done well if you minded what fools say. You must have it inside you that your plan is right, and that plan you must follow.

Caleb Garth, in 'Middlemarch.'

Is there a choice for strong souls to be weak?
For men erect to crawl like hissing snakes?
I choose not—I *am* Zarca.

Zarca, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

November 26

I'm not one o' those as can see the cat i' the dairy.
an' wonder what she's come after.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

'The Omnipresent,' said a Rabbi, 'is occupied in making marriages.' The levity of the saying lies in the ear of him who hears it; for by marriages the speaker meant all the wondrous combinations of the universe whose issue makes our good and evil.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

November 27

Ingenious philosophers tell you, perhaps, that the great work of the steam-engine is to create leisure for mankind. Do not believe them: it only creates a vacuum for eager thought to rush in.

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

The beginning of an acquaintance whether with persons or things is to get a definite outline for our ignorance.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

November 25

November 26

November 27

November 28

The feeblest member of a family—the one who has the least character—is often the merest epitome of the family habits and traditions.

George Eliot, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

The sublime delight of truthful speech to one who has the great gift of uttering it, will make itself felt even through the pangs of sorrow.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

November 29

I don't translate my own convenience into other people's duties.

Mr Farebrother, in 'Middlemarch.'

To an old memory like mine the present days are but as a little water poured on the deep.

Rufus Lyon, in 'Felix Holt.'

Let evil words die as soon as they're spoken.

Parson Irwine, in 'Adam Bede.'

November 30

In God's war

Slackness is infamy.

The Prior, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

Deeds are the pulse of Time, his beating life,
And righteous or unrighteous, being done,
Must throb in after-throbs till Time itself
Be laid in stillness, and the universe
Quiver and breathe upon no mirror more.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

November 28

November 29

November 30

December.

SNOW lay on the croft and river-bank in undulations softer than the limbs of infancy ; it lay with the neatest finished border on every sloping roof, making the dark-red gables stand out with a new depth of colour ; it weighed heavily on the laurels and fir-trees, till it fell from them with a shuddering sound ; it clothed the rough turnip-field with whiteness, and made the sheep look like dark blotches ; the gates were all blocked up with the sloping drifts, and here and there a disregarded four-footed beast stood as if petrified 'in unrecumbent sadness ;' there was no gleam, no shadow, for the heavens, too, were one still, pale cloud—no sound or motion in anything but the dark river that flowed and moaned like an unresting sorrow.

George Eliot, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

December 1

Can man or woman choose duties? No more than they can choose their birth-place or their father and mother.

Savonarola, in 'Romola.'

Those who have been indulged by fortune and have always thought of calamity as what happens to others, feel a blind incredulous rage at the reversal of their lot, and half believe that their wild cries will alter the course of the storm.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

December 2

' Follows here the strict receipt
For that sauce to dainty meat,
Named Idleness, which many eat
By preference, and call it sweet :
*First watch for morsels, like a hound,
Mix well with buffets, stir them round.
With good thick oil of flatteries,
And froth with mean self-lauding lies.
Serve warm : the vessels you must choose
To keep it in are dead men's shoes.'*

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

December 3

Extension, we know, is a very imperfect measure of things ; and the length of the sun's journeying can no more tell us how far life has advanced than the acreage of a field can tell us what growths may be active within it.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

There's folks as thinks a woman's fool enough to stan' by an' look on while the men sign her soul away.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

December 1

December 2

December 3

December 4

What duty is made of a single difficult resolve? the difficulty lies in the daily unflinching support of consequences that mar the blessed return of morning with the prospect of irritation to be suppressed or shame to be endured.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

In poor Rosamond's mind there was not room enough for luxuries to look small in.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

December 5

What folks can never have boxes enough of to swallow, I should think you have a right to sell.

Mrs Holt, in 'Felix Holt.'

Well, my boy, the best augury of a man's success in his profession is that he thinks it the finest in the world. But I fancy it is so with most work when a man goes into it with a will. Brewitt, the blacksmith, said to me the other day that his 'prentice had no mind to his trade; 'and yet, sir,' said Brewitt, 'what would a young fellow have if he doesn't like the blacksmithing?'

Mr Gascoigne, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

December 6

Perspective, as its inventor remarked, is a beautiful thing. What horrors of damp huts, where human beings languish, may not become picturesque through aerial distance! What hymning of cancerous vices may we not languish over as sublimest art in the safe remoteness of a strange language and artificial phrase! Yet we keep a repugnance to rheumatism and other painful effects when presented in our personal experience.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

December 4

December 5

December 6

December 7

Va! your human talk and doings are a tame jest;
the only passionate life is in form and colour.

Piero di Cosimo, in 'Romola.'

What furniture can give such finish to a room as a tender woman's face?—and is there any harmony of tints that has such stirrings of delight as the sweet modulations of her voice?

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

December 8

To glory in a prophetic vision of knowledge covering the earth, is an easier exercise of believing imagination than to see its beginning in newspaper placards, staring at you from a bridge beyond the corn-fields; and it might well happen to most of us dainty people that we were in the thick of the battle of Armageddon without being aware of anything more than the annoyance of a little explosive smoke and struggling on the ground immediately about us.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

December 9

Eh, it's poor luck for the platter to wear well when it's broke i' two.

Lisbeth Bede, in 'Adam Bede.'

Much of our lives is spent in marring our own influence and turning others' belief in us into a widely concluding unbelief which they call knowledge of the world, while it is really disappointment in you or me.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

December 7

December 8

December 9

December 10

Renunciation remains sorrow, though a sorrow borne willingly.

George Eliot, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

Ignorance is not so damnable as humbug, but when it prescribes pills it may happen to do more harm.

Felix, in 'Felix Holt.'

The light can be a curtain as well as the darkness.

George Eliot, in 'Romola.'

December 11

The disappointment of a youthful passion has effects as incalculable as those of small-pox, which may make one person plain and a genius, another less plain and more foolish, another plain without detriment to his folly, and leave perhaps the majority without obvious change.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

Nay, nay, I'll never slip my neck out o' the yoke, and leave the load to be drawn by the weak uns.

Adam, in 'Adam Bede.'

December 12

There are answers which, in turning away wrath, only send it to the other end of the room.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

To most men their early home is no more than a memory of their early years, and I'm not sure but they have the best of it. The image is never marred. There's no disappointment in memory, and one's exaggerations are always on the good side.

Daniel, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

December 10

December 11

December 12

December 13

I have long expected something remarkable from you, Dan ; but, for God's sake, don't go into any eccentricities ! I can tolerate any man's difference of opinion, but let him tell it me without getting himself up as a lunatic. At this stage of the world, if a man wants to be taken seriously he must keep clear of melodrama.

Sir Hugo Mallinger, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

Th' hungry foulks had better leave th' hungry country. It makes less mouths for the scant cake.

Lisbeth Bede, in 'Adam Bede.'

December 14

On solitary souls, the universe
Looks down inhospitable ; the human heart
Finds nowhere shelter but in human kind.

George Eliot, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

It was that mixture of pushing forward and being pushed forward, which is a brief history of most human things.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

December 15

A man may do wrong, and his will may rise clear out of it, though he can't get his life clear. That's a bad punishment.

Caleb Garth, in 'Middlemarch.'

Doubtless a great anguish may do the work of years, and we may come out from that baptism of fire with a soul full of new awe and new pity.

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

December 13

December 14

December 15

December 16

It is very pleasant to see some men turn round;
pleasant as a sudden rush of warm air in winter, or the
flash of firelight in the chill dusk.

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

What we call the 'just possible' is sometimes true,
and the thing we find it easier to believe is grossly
false.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

December 17

If a man's got a bit of property, a stake in the coun-
try, he'll want to keep things square. Where Jack
isn't safe, Tom's in danger.

Mr Wace, in 'Felix Holt.'

There is a forsaking which still sits at the same
board and lies on the same couch with the forsaken
soul, withering it the more by unloving proximity.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

December 18

— Rivers blent take in a broader heaven,
And we shall blend our souls.

Don Silva, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

I too rest in faith
That man's perfection is the crowning flower,
Toward which the urgent sap in life's great tree
Is pressing,—seen in puny blossoms now,
But in the world's great morrows to expand
With broadest petal and with deepest glow.

George Eliot, in 'A Minor Prophet.'

— *December 16* —

December 17

December 18

December 19

If you get your head stuck in a bog your legs may's
well go after it.

Mrs Poyser, in 'Adam Bede.'

It's ill bringin' up a cade lamb.

Lisbeth Bede, in 'Adam Bede.'

Marriage must be a relation either of sympathy or
of conquest.

George Eliot, in 'Romola.'

December 20

I get the same sort of feeling from my brother that
I got yesterday, when I was tired, and came home
through the park after the sweet rain had fallen and
the sunshine lay on the grass and flowers. Every-
thing in the sky and under the sky looked so pure
and beautiful that the weariness and trouble and folly
seemed only a small part of what is, and I became
more patient and hopeful.

Mirah, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

December 21

Maybe 'tis wiser not to fix a lens
Too scrutinising on the glorious times
When Barbarossa shall arise and shake
His mountain, good King Arthur come again,
And all the heroes of such giant soul
That, living once to cheer mankind with hope,
They had to sleep until the time was ripe
For greater deeds to match their greater thought.

George Eliot, in 'A Minor Prophet.'

December 22

December 23

December 24

December 25

Fine old Christmas, with the snowy hair and ruddy face !

George Eliot, in 'The Mill on the Floss.'

The greatest gift the hero leaves his race
Is to have been a hero. Say we fail !—
We feed the high tradition of the world,
And leave our spirit in our children's breasts.

Zarca, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

December 26

Castilian gentlemen
Choose not their task—they choose to do it well.

George Eliot, in 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

Our deeds determine us, as much as we determine our deeds.

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

December 27

The right to rebellion is the right to seek a higher rule, and not to wander in mere lawlessness.

Rufus Lyon, in 'Felix Holt.'

We are all humiliated by the sudden discovery of a fact which has existed very comfortably and perhaps been staring at us in private while we have been making up our world entirely without it.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

December 25

December 26

December 27

December 28

Things may be bad for the poor man—bad they are; but I want the lads here not to do what will make things worse for themselves. The cattle may have a heavy load; but it won't help 'em to throw it over into the roadside pit, when it's partly their own fodder.

Caleb Garth, in 'Middlemarch.'

The Godhead in us wrings our nobler deeds
From our reluctant selves.

George Eliot, in 'Daniel Deronda.'

December 29

Solomon's Proverbs, I think, have omitted to say, that as the sore palate findeth grit, so an uneasy consciousness heareth innuendoes.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

The troublesome ones in a family are usually either the wits or the idiots.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

December 30

An ingenious web of probabilities is the surest screen a wise man can place between himself and the truth.

George Eliot, in 'Adam Bede.'

When the animals entered the Ark in pairs, one may imagine that allied species made much private remark on each other, and were tempted to think that so many forms feeding on the same store of fodder were eminently superfluous, as tending to diminish the rations.

George Eliot, in 'Middlemarch.'

December 28

December 29

December 30

— December 31 —

In every parting there is an image of death.

George Eliot, in 'Amos Barton.'

So our lives glide on: the river ends we don't know
where, and the sea begins, and then there is no more
jumping ashore.

George Eliot, in 'Felix Holt.'

December 31

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